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by the Rev. Dr. CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps"

OCT. 31,
1936

Liberty

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TRACKING NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS

THE TRUE STORY AT LAST OF THE DEWEY INVESTIGATION AND THE CAPTURE OF LUCIANO

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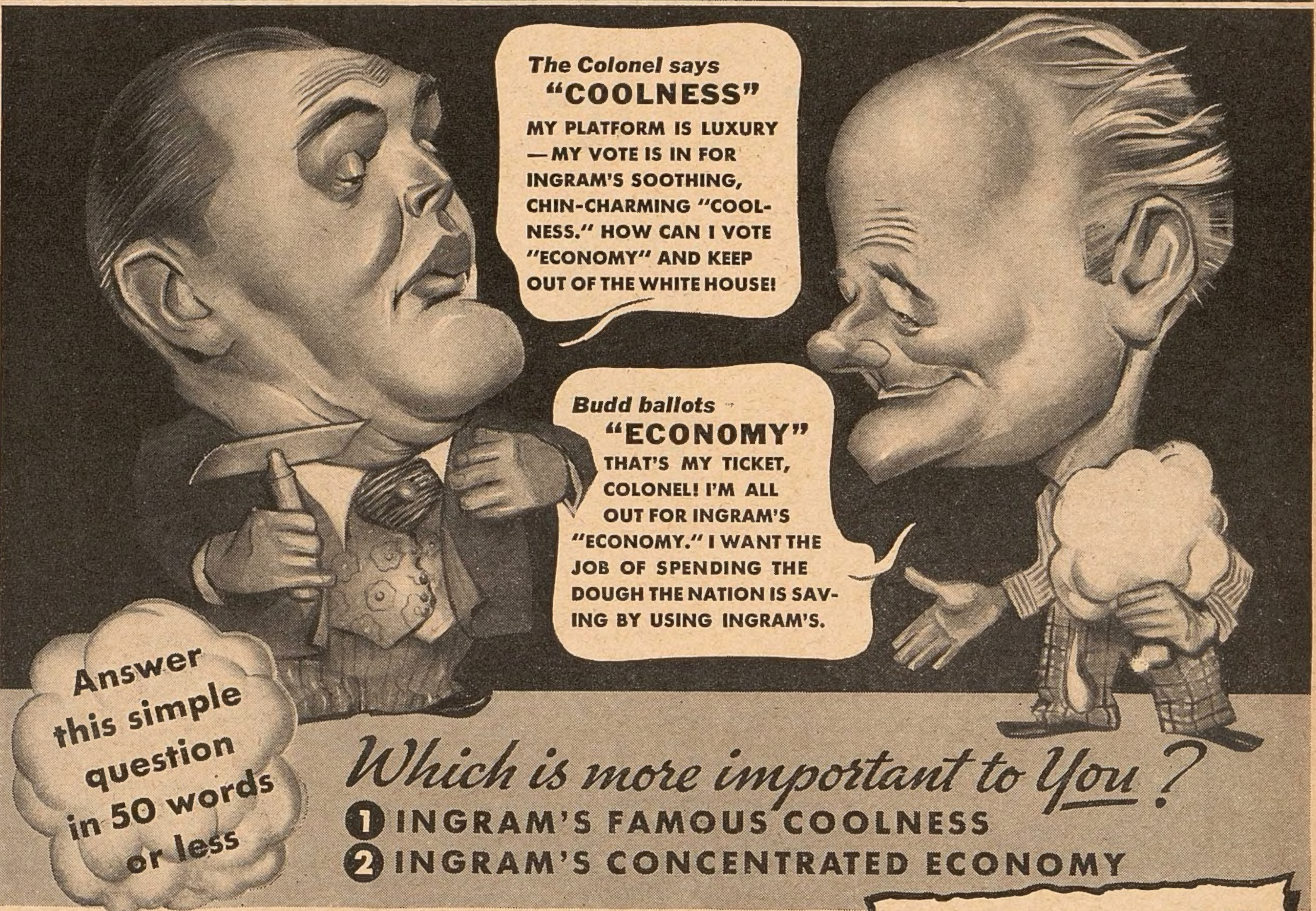
The Colonel says "COOLNESS" MY PLATFORM IS LUXURY — MY VOTE IS IN FOR INGRAM'S SOOTHING, CHIN-CHARMING "COOLNESS." HOW CAN I VOTE "ECONOMY" AND KEEP OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE!
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MEN—get in on this easy-to-win contest today! A simple letter of fifty words may win you $2,500 in cash—or one of the ten $100 cash prizes—or one of 2,000 genuine $2.00 Rubberset Shaving Brushes. You have 2,011 chances to win! But don't delay. All entries must be in the mail by midnight, Dec. 1, 1936.

The purpose of this contest is to settle one question—what do men like best about Ingram's—its shaving "Coolness" or its downright "Economy"?

What's your choice? When you see how easily you whip a quarter inch of Ingram's into a cloudburst of cooling lather, you'll learn a lesson in economy you'll never forget. You'll discover that a little Ingram's does a lot more shaving—because it's concentrated—with a laboratory finding over other creams of 15% to 20% more lather and more cool shaves from the same amount of cream.

Ingram's
SHAVING

But as soon as that lather touches your cheek you'll want to ring doorbells for Ingram's soothing, chin-charming "Coolness."

You don't have to be a Shakespeare or a college professor to win. Sincerity and simplicity will count more than fancy writing. But, remember, you'll never get a cut of that $3,500 cash—or one of those 2,000 Rubberset brushes—if you don't send in your entry right away. Get a tube or a jar of Ingram's Shaving Cream—give your face a thrilling new treat—and send in your entry today!

Ingram's
SHAVING CREAM

READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Decide which quality of Ingram's is more important to you, its coolness or its economy, and state why *in 50 words or less.*

2. Mail your entry to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Post Office Box No. 505, Elizabeth, N. J. *All entries must be postmarked before midnight, December 1, 1936, to be considered.* Send in as many entries as you wish, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper (a) bearing your name and address, (b) the name and address of your regular druggist, and (c) accompanied by the top of the carton from a 35¢ size jar or tube of Ingram's Shaving Cream.

3. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to be the judges of the contest. Their decision will be final. Names of winners will be announced in the January 30, 1937, issue of Liberty.

4. All entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and applicability to advertising. No extra consideration will be given to decorated or fancy entries. Literary skill or "clever" writing will not count.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (makers of Ingram's), their advertising agents, Liberty Magazine, or their families. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

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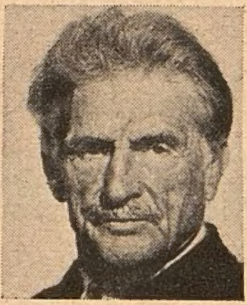
OCTOBER 31, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 44

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

How About Your Job—After Election?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE job of every worker in this country depends on the ability of the executives of some business organization. Business is not only the life of trade, it is the life of life.

It gives us our living.

When President Roosevelt was elected in 1932, business executives were scared. Investors were afraid to move. That fearful situation was the cause of the increase in unemployment by nearly three million during the short period between President Roosevelt's election and his assumption of the duties of his office.

But his inaugural address cleared the air—gave business men courage and confidence, and we started on our way toward prosperity.

But, as stated previously in these columns, five months later the NRA and other restrictive Socialistic legislation stopped the wheels of progress.

Business men were again scared to move. With the crackpot theories of the Brain Trust operating, they could hardly be blamed for wondering what would happen next.

If the present administration is returned to power, will business be hamstrung with rules and regulations? Will capital be scared into hiding? Will the administration continue to insist on reform before complete recovery, as they have in the past? And recovery is not complete until a large percentage of the millions on the dole are put to work.

If we have a continuation of the wild and fantastic and costly experiments of this administration, how many of the workers of this country will continue to hold their jobs?

Every intelligent employee realizes that the employers must make a profit to continue to pay his wages. If business is unprofitable through restrictions, high taxes, wages must be reduced or the employees must be laid off. If there is no money to pay wages, it cannot be secured from the air.

Some businesses have a surplus, and can continue to lose for a long period, but surpluses have been mostly wiped out in the recent depression.

As an employer who has been a hard worker all his life—from the time he followed the plow from daylight to dark as a farm boy—I appeal to the intelligent employees of this country in the present emergency.

They should do some careful thinking on this occasion, starting with a definite interest in the truly extraordinary privileges that the citizens of this country are now enjoying.

There were doubtless many faults in the Republican administration, but there are a million more unemployed at this time than there were when President Roosevelt was elected.

Under normal conditions, if the foreigners who are here illegally had been sent home, as the law clearly requires, and if business had been allowed to continue to improve as it did in the first five months of this administration when the President apparently tried to carry out the pledges in the Democratic platform, a very large percentage of those now on the dole would be working in jobs at good wages.

The present administration has been liberal to an unparalleled degree with our money, but this tragic need was brought on by their wild experimentation, together with the destructive and silly attacks made on business generally.

The millions on the dole should be given jobs. Never before has this country suffered such an appalling disgrace. Jobs are made by business organizations and you cannot attack and cripple the source of employment and expect to be rewarded with constructive efforts that will promote business and add to the number of employees.

The American system brought us nearly half the wealth in the world, and complain as much as you like about the capitalistic bosses—the situation of the workers in many of our great business organizations under this system is a veritable paradise compared to what the workers have to endure in Russia, Italy, and Germany.

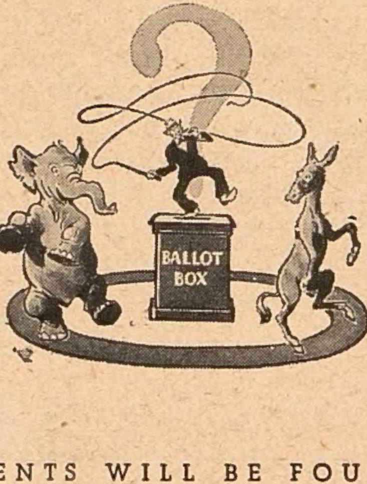
A foreman who fails to follow instructions may be discharged but he cannot be taken out and shot, as is said to be the Russian method.

And the employees who fail to make good are not classed as convicts and compelled to work without wages, as they are in that country.

The Democratic platform gives us a good view of fairyland—but remember just how many promises in the Democratic platform of 1932 were kept!

They were forgotten entirely a few months after election.

And the query is quite pertinent—How many of these promises made in this campaign will be fulfilled?



Bernarr Macfadden

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Hear Bernarr Macfadden's radio discussion of national questions every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., E. S. T., on Stations WOR, Newark; WLW, Cincinnati; CKLW, Detroit; WGN, Chicago; WMCA, New York.

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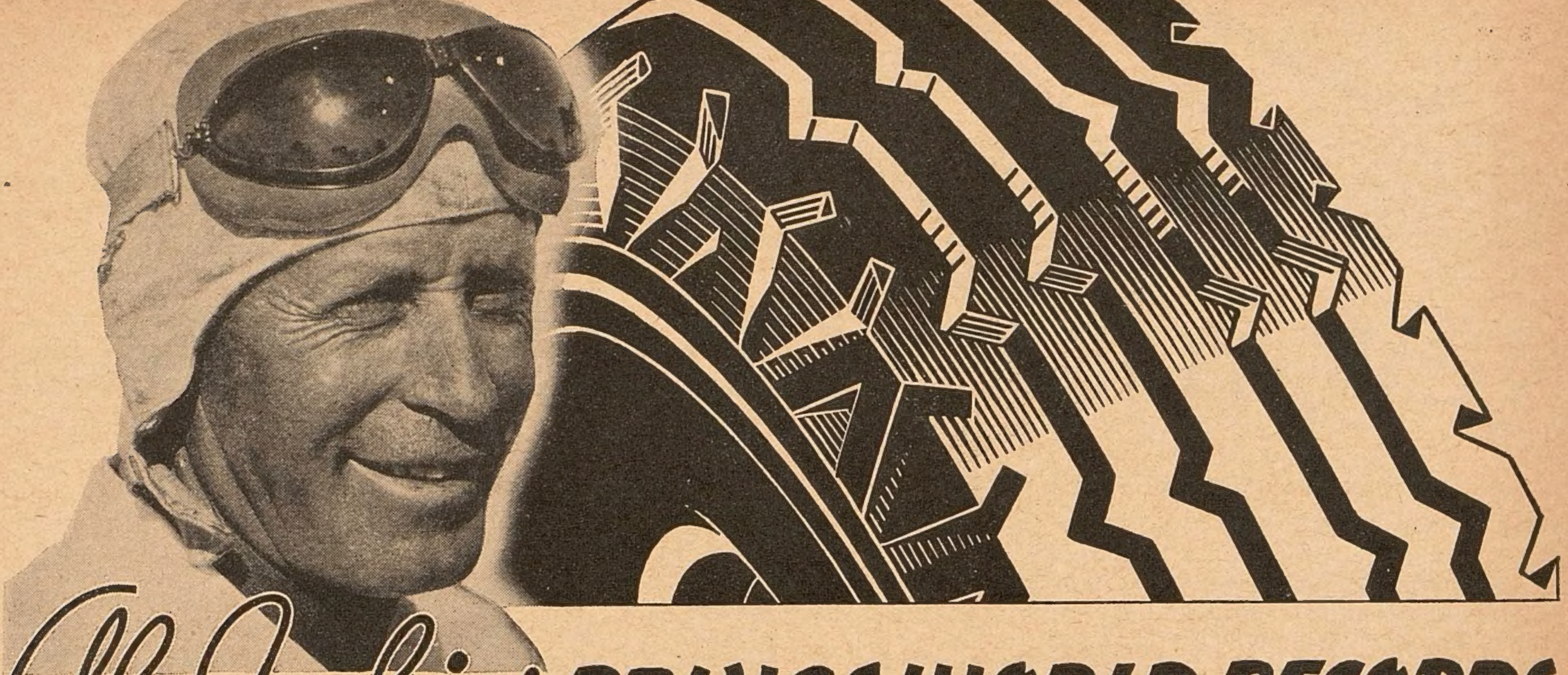

Ab Jenkins BRINGS WORLD RECORDS BACK TO AMERICA ★ ★ ★

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THINK OF IT — 7,134 miles in 48 hours, or an average speed of 148.62 miles an hour! Never before has man driven so fast for so long. On September 22 and 23, over the world's fastest speedway, the salt beds of Lake Bonneville, Utah, Ab Jenkins broke 72 world, international, and American speed records — many previously held by European drivers.

Years before Ab Jenkins began his record-breaking run, Firestone chemists and engineers toiled in a ceaseless effort to find the way to conquer internal friction which creates heat — the great destroyer of tire life. From their efforts was conceived Gum-Dipping — the patented process which so skillfully blends cotton and rubber that every tiny fiber of every cotton cord in the tire is bound together into one inseparable unit.

It was by means of this Gum-Dipping process, used only in Firestone Tires, that rubber and cotton were able to hold together under Jenkins' 2½-ton, 650-horsepower record-breaking car as it tore over the granite-like salt, at speeds as high as 160 and 170 miles per hour.

You, of course, will never drive your car 2½ miles a minute, but you need the extra protection of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for long, hard drives which may tax ordinary tires beyond their strength and resistance.

Firestone High Speed Gum-Dipped Tires give you greatest blowout protection — this is proved by every test. Ab Jenkins trusted his life to Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, and even at such terrific speeds he had no blowouts or tire trouble of any kind. Why take chances when *you* can have this *same* extra safety that only Gum-Dipping can give.

To protect your life and the lives of others, go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store, and have your car equipped today with a set of Firestone High Speed Tires. The scientifically designed tread gives you up to 25% greater non-skid safety. Treads wear down far less on the cold, wet pavements of fall and winter — your tires will be practically new next spring.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks—with Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

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Tracking NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS

PART ONE—MANHATTAN SEEKS A SAVIOR

RACKET-RIDDEN New York City in the spring of 1935 existed literally under a reign of terror.

An invisible government of organized crime reached out steel fingers and took its toll of lives and profits from a silently suffering populace.

Tribute was demanded—and taken—at the point of a gun. Gangdom fought bitterly for control and gang bullets mowed down criminals and innocents alike. In Harlem a baby died in its carriage of machine-gun bullets that missed the target for which they had been intended.

Racketeers sought to invade honest industrial unions. Theaters were bombed, windows smashed, foods poisoned.

Life became the cheapest thing in an unsafe city.

Business men were slugged, crippled. If they sought to complain, they found that the racketeers who attacked them were allied with political leaders. They learned to keep still—and pay.

Loan sharks preyed on the poor, loaning them money readily, torturing, kidnaping, even murdering them when the interest charges left them penniless.

Every one paid tribute. Not a man, woman, or child of vast New York's seven million escaped.

The greatest city in America was on its knees before a handful of ex-convicts, ex-petty thieves, ex-pimps, and ex-murderers.

As this story unfolds, that whole execrable crew will defile across these pages before your eyes.

Here you will see, plainly as they see one another, the dominating handful, the overlords, the big shots. Like "Dutch" Schultz. Or like "Lucky" Luciano.

Here you will size up their cheap forerunners who are now their henchmen—the "booker" czars of the vice racket's crude beginnings. Nick Montana. "Cock-Eyed Louis" Weiner and "Dumb Al," his son. The Jack Ellensteins. The Pete Harrises. The Dave Marcuses.

You will take the measure of the loan-shark racket's bloodsuckers. Sam Faden. Joe Allen.

You will gaze down upon a procession of those strong-arm terrorists who cow—or smash—commercial vice's women and girls into doing the overlords' will. Such gorillas as Abe Wahrman. Such suave thugs as "general manager" Jimmy Frederico. Such gangsters as "Little Dave" Betillo and "Tommy the Bull." Such graft-or-else parasites as "Cut-Rate Gus." Such wholesale procurers as "Jerry the Lug" and "Max the Barber."

And upon a procession of these males' and their masters' female victims. Joan Martin. "Jennie the Factory." "Sadie the Chink." "Hungarian Helen." And many, many more. . . .

Crime had not merely been put on a business basis. Crime *was* the biggest business in Manhattan. The police department was neither organized nor financed to cope with the situation. The office of the District Attorney was not coping with it.

New York, to sum it up, was badly in need of a savior.

. . . .

A committee of six serious-faced men sat in the New York City home of His Excellency Herbert Lehman, Governor of the State of New York.

All six were straight-thinking business men, intensely interested in the welfare of the great city in which they lived. All were members of the March, 1935, Grand Jury of the County of New York. As such they had come into firsthand contact with the invisible government of crime. They had learned with amazement the whole incredible and rotten setup. Angered and appalled, they had tried as Grand Jurors to fight back at the empire of crime.

On May 13, 1935, the Grand Jury definitely broke with the District Attorney's office. Exercising one of their rights, they excluded Assistant District Attorney Maurice Wahl while they listened to witnesses.

The next day they were dubbed by the press the "runaway" Grand Jury.

On this afternoon, destined to become a momentous one, their committee of six sat patiently awaiting the Governor who had granted them a conference.

One of the six was the foreman of the "runaway" Grand Jury, Lee Thompson Smith. He was a powerfully built middle-aged six-footer—a native New Yorker, a realtor. Curiously enough, he was diffident, shy. It was only when he was extraordinarily aroused that his shyness fell from him. He was not shy this afternoon.

A door opened and the Governor entered the library.

"Well, gentlemen?"

"Your Excellency," Smith began, "New York City is a racket-ridden city today. If the grip of racketeering is to be broken in New York, immediate and drastic action is indicated. If it is not taken, New York City will become a place that is unfit to live in."

"I believe we have agencies appointed to deal with crime."

Smith shook his head. He did not mince words.

"They are useless. The situation has gone too far. We, as Grand Jurors, have done what little we could, but every conceivable obstacle has been put in our paths. Unless the request we have come to make of you is granted, no real progress can be made."

"And that request, gentlemen?"

"The appointment of a special prosecutor to investigate racketeering and vice in New York City. The uncovering of organized crime, Your Excellency, is not a mere police routine but a major undertaking. It requires a prosecutor of unusual vigor and ability, free to devote his entire energy and skill to it.

"Small business men in this city, taxed by racketeering, go bankrupt daily. Yet, just the other day, we had before us a man who casually—*casually,* if you please—gave us to understand that one single racket, the policy game, nets the small group of racketeers who control it fifteen million dollars a year. Gambling, narcotics, all manner of shady enterprises are racket-infested.

"But that is not the worst aspect of the situation. The racketeer is rapidly gaining control of legitimate business in New York City."

Silence fell in the room. The Governor's face was serious. These men were not alarmists. They were men of the highest type he had ever seen on any Grand Jury. Their startling appeal deserved consideration.

by FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY McARDEL

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Beginning the Saga of a Young Crusader and a Great City's Revolt—The True Story at Last of the Dewey Investigation and the Capture of "Lucky" Luciano

"You have, of course," he said, "set forth the situation, as you have found it, in your Grand Jury minutes?"

"We have, Your Excellency."

"I want to see those minutes. You will have my answer after I have studied them."

The minutes were forwarded to Governor Lehman. The committeemen felt confident that their request would be granted, for those secret minutes contained dynamite.

The committee conferred with the Bar Association and prepared a list of six names. Those names represented some of the finest experienced legal talent in the city.

. . . .

It was nearly midnight. A young man came out of the building at 120 Broadway. He had the face, the poise of an aristocrat. His dark-brown mustache was close-cropped, like his hair. His eyes, alert and penetrating, were brown also.

At a corner newsstand he bought copies of the New York Times, the Daily News, and the American. Then he signaled a cruising cab and gave the driver his home address.

His voice was a rich clear baritone, the voice of a singer. He had indeed shown rare promise as a singer years before when he had been graduated from the University of Michigan. His voice had won him a scholarship, and it was with serious aspirations toward an artistic career that he had come to New York from his

home town of Owosso, Michigan.

Governor Herbert Lehman. His recommendation made Dewey special prosecutor.

Somehow he had dropped that idea and had entered the Law School of Columbia University, from which he had been graduated in 1925. Law had been for him a fascinating taskmaster. He had developed a rare aptitude and liking for it and he had a prodigious capacity for work. In consequence, his rise had been spectacular.

As he sank back in the taxicab he realized that he was tired. He'd put in fifteen hours of steady work that day, as he had on day after day that had preceded it.

But it had been worth it. He had his own private practice now. It ran into five figures annually.

And he was only thirty-three. He'd gone far since those days when, as a high-school boy, he'd helped edit his father's newspaper in Owosso.

He came naturally by his ambitious, fighting temperament, however. He was of solid English-Irish ancestry. A fourth cousin of his, in the early-morning hours of May 1, 1898, had led a flotilla of warships into Manila Bay, where, turning calmly to the skipper of the Olympia, he had pronounced the historic words:

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

A few hours later the Spanish fleet was done for, and the name of Admiral George Dewey passed into history.

The young man in the taxi was Thomas Edmund Dewey.

At the moment he wanted only one thing—a real vacation. He needed one. And he'd earned it. Work had chained him to desk and courtroom through six long years.

This year it would be different. He'd arranged his practice so that he could soon get away for a whole month. It would be nice, loafing, relaxing, doing a lot of sailing. He was a rabid sailing enthusiast.

"All right. I'll see what happens. But you haven't got the racket set up well enough to make it worth while."

Mrs. Eunice H. Carter, a brilliant young Negress on Dewey's staff. Her work has been of signal value.

HE switched on the cab's ceiling light and opened his copy of the Times. Abruptly his eyes widened. That rebellious runaway Grand Jury had submitted a list of six names to District Attorney Dodge, who was requested to choose one man and appoint him special prosecutor in a probe into vice and rackets in New York City.

The man chosen would be faced with a gigantic job. It would be a long job—two or three years, perhaps more. One man against the combined forces of organized crime!

Among the names was that of Dewey's friend and ex-chief, George Z. Medalie, former United States Attorney, whom he had briefly succeeded in office. There were other names, equally respected. But—the name heading the list was Dewey's own!

He felt a glow of warmth—but also surges of annoyance. The job, if he should be appointed to it, would be thankless. It would mean giving up a good profitable practice. It would mean rigid selection of friends, acquaintances. And days and nights of harder work than ever.

And—what would become of his vacation?

. . . .

District Attorney Dodge, however, rejected all six names, including Dewey's. The Grand Jury hastily submitted two more. Ignoring these too, the District Attorney appointed Harold H. Corbin, a lawyer. The Grand Jury denied it had formally submitted his name. A deadlock occurred. The press clamored editorially for the appointment of Dewey. Corbin withdrew.

Governor Lehman finally broke the deadlock. He recommended four men long well known: George Z. Medalie; Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., son of Chief Justice Hughes; Thomas D. Thacher, former United States Judge; and Charles H. Tuttle, Republican nominee for Governor in 1930.

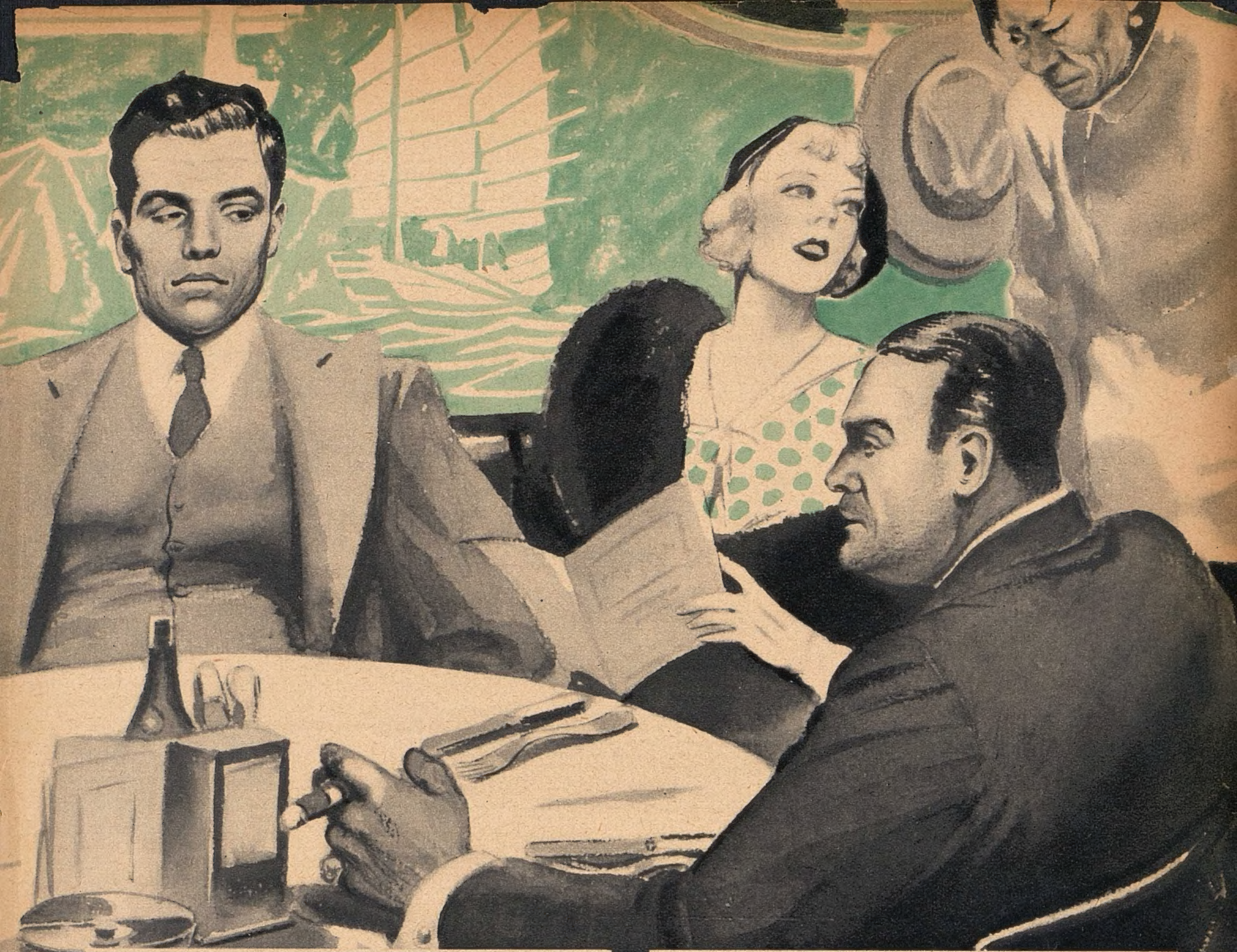
Thomas Dewey, it seemed, was to have his vacation.

District Attorney Dodge began to approach the four men. Without exception, they turned down the task—and recommended Thomas Edmund Dewey for it.

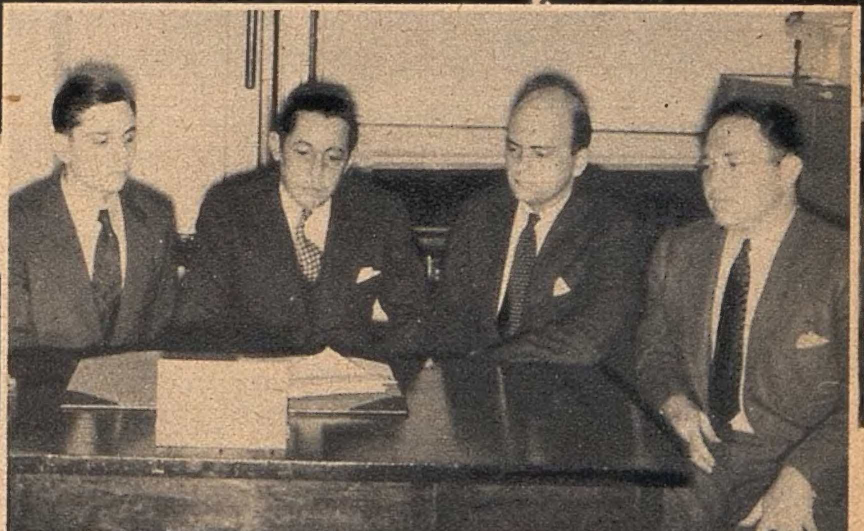
Puzzled by their refusal, Governor Lehman invited all four to a conference. For two futile hours he sought to get one or another of them to accept the appointment. All, persisting in their refusals, explained the qualifications of the young man they had unanimously recommended.

Dewey, graduated from Columbia Law School, had worked until 1931 for private firms, so distinguishing himself that when Medalie was appointed United States Attorney he immediately made Dewey his chief assistant.

Upon Medalie's retirement, Dewey was appointed to the post itself. He was thirty-one, younger than any man who had ever held it. He was vital and untiring. He had a withering contempt for racketeers. He helped clean the Federal Building's corridors of chiselers, bail-



Prosecutor Dewey with Inspector John A. Lyons, who heads an undercover squad of the co-operating New York police.



Dewey's four chief assistants: Barent Ten Eyck, William B. Herlands, Murray I. Gurfein, and Jacob J. Rosenblum.

runners, and hangers-on. He helped prosecute and convict "Muskie" Castaldo, organizer of the artichoke racket, on an income-tax evasion charge. He indicted and sent to jail James J. McCormick, deputy city clerk in charge of marriages, on a similar charge.

Greatest of Dewey's many victories was the conviction of Irving (Waxey Gordon) Wexler, a power in the beer-running days of prohibition. "Gordon" was sentenced to ten years in prison and ordered to pay a fine of $80,000. He was the second major racketeer to be put in prison. Al Capone had been the first.

From the United States Attorney's office Dewey had retired to a growing private practice, from which he was drafted almost immediately to conduct, without remuneration, removal proceedings for the Bar Association against Municipal Court Justice Harold L. Kunstler.

At the conference with Governor Lehman, one of the four famous lawyers reminded the Governor of these things. "Mr. Dewey is young," he concluded, "but he has the head of a veteran on his shoulders. I repeat, he's the man you want for the job."

The Governor smiled. "That settles it," he said. "If you all say he's the man for the post, then he must be. He is less well known than each of you and, frankly, that is why I had hesitated. You may be sure that he will have my complete confidence and support."

Thomas Dewey at the moment was aboard a train en route to Boston, to give away in marriage a charming young cousin of his.

Outside her Mount Vernon Street home a band of reporters lounged, awaiting him.

When he arrived, they informed him that he had just been recommended by Governor Lehman of New York for the post of special prosecutor in the impending probe of vice and rackets in Manhattan.

Though the Governor's recommendation amounted to appointment, and though it came to him as news, Dewey characteristically refused to comment, since he had received no official notification. Inside the house, he dismissed the matter just as casually. He had no intention of letting it intrude upon his cousin's wedding day.

On the train back that night, he decided to accept. This was too excellent an opportunity for a fighter to pass up. It might be a losing fight—but what a fight it would be! If he succeeded, he would be performing the greatest possible public service. If he failed—

He was young. He did not let himself think of failure. He turned to a consideration of the problems with which he would be faced. Complete independence, sufficient funds, an honest staff without political affiliations — these three things he would insist upon.

He fully intended, too, to steer clear of the perils that had beset previous investigations in New York. Charles S. Whitman's campaign against gambling and police corruption had made Whitman a target for abuse. Hiram Todd and Samuel Seabury had demanded fees for their investigations. The results had not been pleasant. Seabury had been vengefully dubbed "Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Seabury" and Todd had been forced to sue to collect even partial payment.

ANTHONY ABBOT

CRIME COMMENTATOR FOR LIBERTY, SAYS:

Thatcher Colt, being a great policeman himself, is naturally on the side of putting down crime by the regularly constituted authorities—the police department and the district attorney's office. He doesn't hold much with reform waves. He has seen too many of them roll in like torrents, only to end in futile splashes and spatterings on the sands of time.

Mr. Colt's reaction, therefore, to this fascinating story of how the latest reform movement in New York City, the Dewey crime investigation, got under way, is all the more amazing, for he voices nothing but the most enthusiastic approval. The thorough, businesslike way in which Mr. Dewey organized his forces is the way Chief of Police Colt would have all law-enforcement bodies organized.

But, he asks, must we wait for some special surge of public opinion to bring such an organization into being? Is it not possible to take many leaves out of Prosecutor Dewey's book to form a manual for the continuing permanent forces whose duty it is to suppress crime? If these methods have served Mr. Dewey so well—and we know they have—why shouldn't they serve others—all others? What do you think?

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Thomas Dewey was not going to conduct his investigation on a fee basis. He would request an appropriation to cover the entire investigation. As to his own compensation, he would sacrifice his own income and accept a straight annual salary of $16,695, the identical sum that was being paid to District Attorney Dodge, whom he was virtually superseding.

There were ironical aspects of the situation. By title, Deputy Assistant District Attorney Dewey would be the lowest ranking member of Dodge's staff!

HIS most complex job would be selection of a staff of his own. He would need an undercover squad of investigators, of course. But he would likewise need competent legal aid and skilled accountants. One tremendous problem became obvious immediately. Lawyers cost money. Though his investigation would have a broad scope, his finances would be limited. Any veteran lawyer accepting the modest salary Dewey could offer would do so only because he was a failure in his profession.

Young men were his answer. And Dewey knew where to find them. There had been forty-eight of them in the United States Attorney's office during his term there. They were honest, capable, hard-working. From among them he would choose four as his chief assistants.

He thought of Murray I. Gurfein, who as an Assistant United States Attorney had handled both criminal cases and important constitutional appeals. He had been in the prosecution of most of the racketeering and income-tax cases in the Southern District. He had helped send to jail Castaldo; Patrick Commerford, labor leader; McCormick; and Waxey Gordon. After his resignation, he had written the article on Racketeering for the Encyclopedia of Social Sciences, outlining in it his own theories of the basic causes of industrial racketeering. He was now engaged in private practice.

William B. Herlands was another. An honor graduate of the City College and a former editor of the Columbia Law Review, he had established his reputation as a trial lawyer. As Assistant United States Attorney he had smashed the alien smuggling and naturalization rackets and had sent to jail both Democratic and Republican election officials. At the moment he was holding a highly responsible position in the Corporation Counsel's office of the City of New York.

Jacob J. Rosenblum had been associated with Medalie, former United States Attorney, for thirteen years, in both private and public practice. He had acted as Special Assistant Attorney General of the State of New York and as a special assistant to the United States Attorney General. He had sent to jail Joseph W. Harriman, bank president; had convicted thirteen defendants of defrauding stockholders of the National Diversified Corporation; had convicted Richard H. Brown, president of the Manhattan Electrical Supply Company, and Charles H. McCarthy for running a crooked pool on the New York Stock Exchange—the first conviction of its kind.

Barent Ten Eyck was a capable young man of high social standing and a good trial lawyer. He had been Dewey's personal assistant in the United States Attorney's office. They had worked side by side on the Waxey Gordon case. Ten Eyck as assistant had never lost a case, and he was now trying difficult cases for the city in the Brooklyn office of the Corporation Counsel.

ALL four of these men were in their thirties except Gurfein, who was twenty-nine. To each of them acceptance of Dewey's invitation would mean a financial loss. Dewey phoned them frankly:

"It's going to be a tough job. Do you want to drop all your other work and come with me? There are only three things I can promise you: a modest salary, plenty of hard work, and a good fight."

Every one of the four eagerly accepted.

Busy days followed. Dewey wanted sixteen lawyers other than his chief assistants. It was necessary to examine more than four thousand applicants. Any politically active were rejected.

A staff of ten accountants, under Abraham Gutreich, was picked. Nine experienced investigators—six of them former G-men—were chosen, under Wayne Merrick, for Dewey's undercover squad. Their first assignment was to make a thorough check of the background and personal relationships of every appointee in the Dewey organization, from the humblest office boy to Dewey's own chief assistants. They were in turn investigated by detectives assigned by the New York Police Department.

The Amsterdam News, a Negro newspaper of New York, petitioned for the appointment of a Negro to Mr. Dewey's legal staff. Dewey realized that Harlem was one of the principal victims of policy and other rackets. He realized, too, that he would need one woman lawyer. He appointed Mrs. Eunice H. Carter, a young colored woman with an immaculate and shining record. She was a graduate of Smith College and of Columbia and Fordham Universities. Part of her education had been obtained in Europe.

Though he realized, when he appointed her, that he had obtained the services of a brilliant young woman, Dewey had not the faintest idea, then, of the tremendously important part she was to play in the investigation.

On one point the Special Prosecutor was adamant. This investigation was not going to fizzle damply into the usual crusade against vice.

As Dewey bluntly told the newspapermen:

"I am out after the big fellows, the bosses of the underworld. I would be mad

(Continued on page twelve)

KEEP SUNNY
SUMMER HEALTH

DRINK SCHLITZ
ALL WINTER

TO help retain the peak of sunny summer health—to help maintain rugged resistance to winter colds and sickness—drink SCHLITZ, with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D.

As the summer sun heads south; as days grow shorter and stormier—we get less and less of sunshine's benefits. Likewise, our ordinary foods are lacking in Sunshine Vitamin D, so essential to robust vitality.

SCHLITZ, with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D*, gives you the sunny source of health you need the whole year around. Beer is good for you—but SCHLITZ, with SUNSHINE VITAMIN D, is extra good for you. It has all the old-time SCHLITZ FLAVOR AND BOUQUET brewed to mellow ripe perfection under PRECISE ENZYME CONTROL, with new health benefits . . . and at no increase in price.

Drink SCHLITZ regularly—every day—for health with enjoyment. Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

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WITH SUNSHINE VITAMIN-D

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SUNSHINE
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the BEER that made Milwaukee famous
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The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

**Each 12-ounce bottle or can of SCHLITZ contains 100 U.S.P. XI. Units of Sunshine Vitamin D. SCHLITZ brewer's yeast contains pro-vitamin D which is activated directly by the ultra-violet rays of the sun to form Vitamin D. (Protected by U. S. Letters Patent.)*

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(Continued from page ten)

if I thought I could smash prostitution. I did not quit a good practice to chase prostitutes."

On another point, too, he was firm. The investigation's headquarters would not be in *any* city or county building. He knew that the corridors of these buildings were literally cluttered with the spies of the underworld. Witnesses brought in were seen by those spies. Result: The witnesses "forgot" what they had come to tell.

Dewey obtained quarters in the Woolworth Building. He spent hours, with blueprints before him, converting those quarters into a leak-proof citadel of thirty-five separate rooms. Waiting rooms adjoining the offices of his legal staff were enclosed. They had frosted-glass partitions. They were soundproof. Immediately upon entering the Dewey headquarters, a witness was installed in a private waiting room until he could be interviewed.

The doors of the private offices bore no names. Private elevators were available. Outside windows had Venetian blinds. Special "untappable" phone cable was installed, connecting via eleven trunk lines directly to the main office of the telephone company. No one could make an outgoing call unless Dewey or an assistant first approved of it.

Every bit of stenographic work was done in one large room under special supervision against leaks.

There was always a patrolman on duty in the intercommunicating private halls, and before anybody could reach a witness room he had to pass two desks connected by phone to the inner offices of Dewey's staff.

With his headquarters selected and planned, the Special Prosecutor was almost ready to begin. The newspapers, friendly but a trifle skeptical, put his chances of success at 40-60.

Police Commissioner Lewis Valentine offered the services of the New York Police Department. Dewey promptly asked that Acting Deputy Chief Inspector John A. Lyons be assigned to his staff to head a police department undercover squad. He and Inspector Lyons had worked together before. They liked each other and were in many ways alike. The Inspector, a slender graying man of fifty, was spare of words, gruff of voice, death on publicity, and a strict disciplinarian—who was, nevertheless, beloved by those who worked under him.

Since the Special Prosecutor maintains his policy of secrecy, conversations reported in this narrative are reconstructed from court records and other official reports. He took Inspector Lyons to lunch. Over the table he asked him, "How many men can you get me? Straight-shooting honest men. Utterly trustworthy young cops."

"How many do you need?"

Dewey told him.

"I'll get 'em."

IT was a month before Inspector Lyons had them all. Only six were veteran detectives. The rest were young patrolmen taken off beats. Their training began immediately.

The Inspector had told Dewey: "They're good clean boys, and they want to come with you. There's just one condition they want to make. They'll be with you to the hilt. But they've seen other investigations and they haven't liked some of the messy angles.

"They want your promise that they won't have to arrest prostitutes. Anything else, and they're with you. But they balk at jailing a lot of women."

Prosecutor Dewey laughed softly.

"Good! So do I. I said so when I took this job, and I meant it. You go back and tell your lads they have my word of honor that not one of them will have to arrest a single prostitute."

. . . . .

In the dingy basement of a restaurant in New York's Chinatown, three men and a woman sat at a table.

The woman was Cokey Flo. She conducted a house of prostitution.

Beside her sat a huge swarthy man with slicked hair and the neck and shoulders of a stevedore. His name was James Frederico. Cokey Flo was his mistress.

I D-DON'T SEE WHAT
THIS SILLY WAY
SO TOUCHY SHE MADE HOME LIFE MISERABLE
I KNOW DEAR, I FELT WRETCHED MYSELF LAST WINTER. THE DOCTOR SAID I WAS RUN-DOWN. HE SAID MY BLOOD WAS POOR AND THAT'S WHY I FAGGED SO EASILY—AND-----
OH—I REMEMBER—HE HAD YOU EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, DIDN'T HE? ALICE—MAYBE IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME THIS MORNING---
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

The second man at the table, "Little Davie" Betillo, had sharp features and a face as dead-white as a dead fish's belly.

The third man was the most striking-looking of any of them. Low on his forehead curly brown hair started, falling back in thick waves. His swarthy face bore scars like pockmarks. His lips were wide, in a cruel straight line. Incongruously, he had dimples.

His eyes, set under bushy dark eyebrows, were the most arresting feature of a face that was definitely sinister. One was wide open, alert. The other—his right eye—drooped, giving him a singular appearance of sleepiness.

He was known in the underworld as "the Boss."

His lips twisted open as he spoke.

"I don't like the racket," he said. "What the hell! There's not enough dough in it for the risk we take."

The man with the dead-white face spoke pleadingly: "Try it a little while longer. We can make it go. There's big money in it, if we handle it right."

The Boss shook his head. "Maybe we'll only be sticking our necks out. This Dewey investigation is coming on. That may make it tough."

"What's that to be scared of? You know how those things go. He'll grab a bunch of prossies and a couple of bondsmen. And that'll be all."

THE Boss considered this silently, then nodded.

"All right, Davie. Let it go for a couple of months. I'll see what happens. But you haven't got the racket set up well enough to make it worth while. Here's what we'll do: We'll put all the madams on a salary. No more fifty-per-cent stuff. We'll syndicate every house in New York. We'll run them like chain stores. We'll—"

A Chinese waiter padded over toward their table. Cokey Flo beamed on him. "Chicken chow mein, son," she said. "A whole flock of it."

. . . .

On July 29, 1935, Thomas Dewey and most of his assistants were sworn in. On the following day he moved with his skeleton staff into headquarters in the Woolworth Building.

That night he made a radio broadcast. His voice went into a million homes of New York citizens. "This is the first and, I hope, the last time," he told his listeners, "I shall make a public address during the course of this criminal investigation. There is today scarcely a business in New York which does not somehow pay its tribute to the underworld—a tribute levied by force and collected by fear. There is certainly not a family in the city which does not pay its share of tribute to the underworld every day it lives and with every meal it eats.

"If you will come to my offices you will be seen by a responsible member of my staff. He will welcome your help. He will respect your confidence. He will protect you. There is not the slightest excuse for any honest person to pay tribute to racketeers."

The young Special Prosecutor meant what he said. It was the only public address he was to make in the hectic months ahead.

He had flung a challenge into the teeth of the underworld. He was ready now, at thirty-three, to pit his own skill against the rich and powerful forces of firmly entrenched organized crime.

His office was open. He and his staff were ready and eager.

The Dewey Investigation was officially under way.

The flood of crackbrained responses to Dewey's radio appeal—and the few different ones that vitally aided him; Mrs. Carter's clear-eyed study of the vice super-racket, which made possible his plan of attack upon it; the inside story of his sudden avenging crack-down on the loan-shark racket's leeches—these are mere samples of what is coming next week! "Dutch" Schultz and "Lucky" Luciano will appear. "The Boss's" murky figure will loom larger; who can he be? You will watch the super-racket's strong-arm men at their cruel work, and watch one stubborn vice proprietress make a stand against them at risk of her life.

M-MAKES ME C-CRY

BUT DARLING, I SAID I WAS SORRY. HONESTLY I DIDN'T MEAN IT THE WAY YOU SEEM TO THINK - YOU ALWAYS TAKE ME WRONG LATELY
B-BUT JIM - YOU C-CALLED ME H-HOPELESS _ YOU KNOW YOU DID
HELLO THERE - AREN'T YOU GOING TO MARKET THIS MORNING - WHY JEAN - ANYTHING WRONG YOU LOOK ----
OH ALICE -- I'M SO M-MISERABLE
I D-DON'T KNOW W-WHAT'S GOT INTO ME. IT'S SO S-SILLY GOING OFF INTO FLOODS OF TEARS OVER NOTHING --- BUT I'M SO TIRED ALL THE TIME ... AND N-NOW J-JIM SAYS I'M J-JUST HOPELESS..

A FEW WEEKS LATER
GOSH, JEAN - IT'S CERTAINLY GRAND TO HAVE YOU SO CHEERFUL AND PEPPY AGAIN
AND IT'S GRAND TO FEEL THAT WAY - MY BUT I'M GLAD ALICE TOLD ME ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES

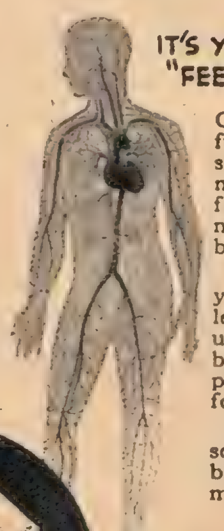
DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOU WORN OUT

SO MANY people feel tired out and depressed at this time of year.

Usually, your blood is "underfed" and does not carry enough food to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with needed vitamins and other important food elements. Then, your blood can carry *more* and *better* nourishment to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in water.



IT'S YOUR BLOOD THA "FEEDS" YOUR BODY..

One of the importar functions of your bloo stream is to carr nourishment from you food to muscle an nerve tissues of you body.

When you find th you get overtired at th least extra effort, it usually a sign that you blood is not being su plied with enough foo for your tissues.

What you need i something to help you blood get more nouris ment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER -----

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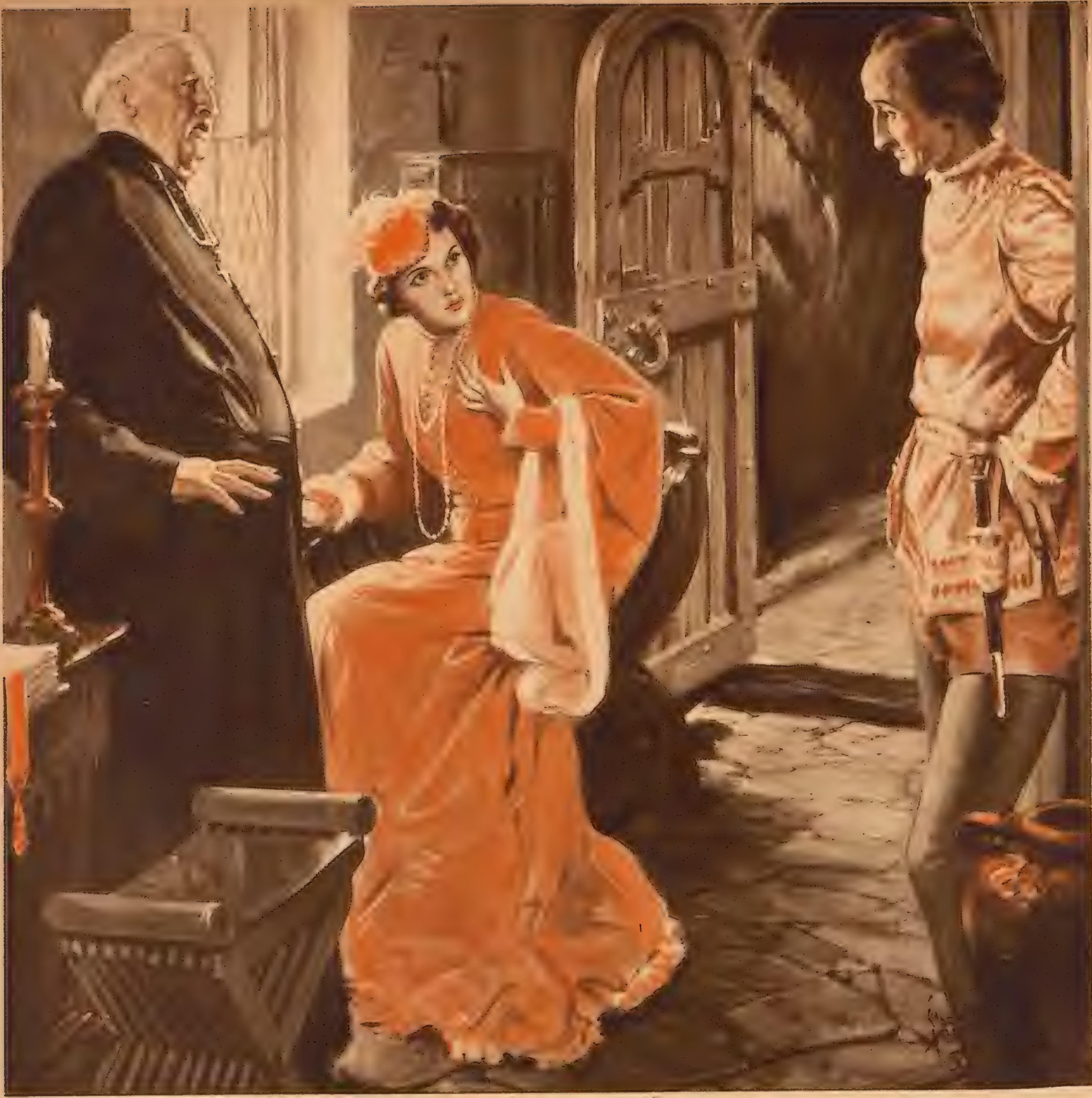

Master Villon stepped through the door. "I save my father embarrassment," said he. "His duty compels him now to say I'm not worth loving. My lady, I say it for him."

VILLON'S BALLAD OF SMALL MATTERS

I LOOK for flies around the milk;
By change of wind I know the weather.
If a man is dressed in rags or silk,
I read the tree and the fruit together.
I know the worker from the drone,
Beauty in bud from beauty blown.
I know the skeleton, bone by bone.
Ah, if I only knew myself!

I KNOW the doublet by the collar.
I know the friars by the barrel.
I know the master by his scholar;
Nuns by their fare-you-well apparel.
I know the patter of knave and cheat,
Wisdom's hunger, folly's meat.
I know the sour wine from the sweet.
Ah, if I only knew myself!

I KNOW a horse, I know a mule,
And just how much their backs will stand.
I know Jeannette, and Joan, and Jule;
A smile and a kiss and an itching hand.
Sleep I know, and dream, and mirth;
The woe Bohemia brought to birth;
The power of Rome to rule the earth.
Ah, if I only knew myself!

PRINCE, every state man passes through—
The healthy red, the pallid blue,
Death at the last—I know that too.
Ah, if I only knew myself!

IT was Master Villon's intention to go straight to his mother's house. That was before breakfast. But having descended the staircase of St. Benedict's cloisters and faced the chaplain, his godfather, whose sleep had been sweet in the supposition that the

VILLON AGAIN—AND THE DEPTHS OF A GIRL'S BROWN EYES! OUR LUSTY POET-ROGUE CONFRONTS A STRANGE NEW PLIGHT

by JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

Master Villon EXAMINES HIS HEART

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

cloisters were well rid of him, Master Villon got at his morning food, reflecting on the strange wisdom of God which permits the prickings of the soul to let up as hunger is satisfied.

He still wished to see his mother but he was less hurried.

"I shall grieve to see your end," said his godfather, watching him eat.

"The provost is out of town," said Master Villon.

"But the hangman isn't."

"The processes of the law are orderly," said the poet, making his lips clean with the back of his hand and cleaning his hand on the back of his breeches. "Until the provost returns, nothing serious will happen."

"You will go now?" asked the chaplain hopefully.

"In a day or so. And the hangman has nothing to do with it. I'm innocent. From now on," said Master Villon, "I meditate none but good deeds. I must pay my mother a visit."

"Don't go," said his godfather.

The excellent man was so serious about it that inevitably he strengthened Master Villon's intention and kindled some others.

"I'll step around and have a word with Catherine."

"That drab again!" said the chaplain, letting his priestly character slip off him. "She betrayed you once!"

"I wish to remind her of it," said the poet, slipping through the door.

It was a fine day, and his real thoughts were of Louise, and his first sight of her by the river at Corbeil, and their brief talk in the garden at Grigny. His true love from now on. He was inclined to sing. Yet he turned the corner into the door where Catherine lodged.

Stretched on his bed in the bad hours of the night, he had wondered why he ever cared for her. Now that he was on his feet again, he would go and see.

She was unprepared for visitors, not being an early riser, and the narrow closet she slept in offended his taste, with the château of Grigny fresh in his eyes. Louise kept her garments in wardrobe and dresser. Catherine, poor wretch, let hers rest over the back of the one chair or on the floor when she wasn't wearing them. As at this moment.

Her gray eyes were haggard, he noticed; her high cheekbones lacked paint; but her black hair, tousled or not, was beautiful. The heart, he considered, asks much more than thick black hair.

"François!" she cried, stretching out her arms.

"If you don't mind," said he, keeping his hat on, "I'll use the side of the bed."

"Here!" said she, making space at the pillow end.

Master Villon settled himself against the footboard.

He saw fit not to answer the smile she gave him. "You and Noah are lovers."

"Oh, François!" she cried. "You are the one I love! I couldn't say it last night!"

"You did your best," said he, "considering that Noah was there—considering also that you had just learned I had a little money again!"

BECAUSE his thin fingers liked something to play with, he drew the knife from his belt, and balanced the point on his thumb.

"We're meeting for the last time," said he.

"Oh, no!" said she, smiling but watching the knife.

"The Pine Cone was no place to have it out," said he, "not with Robin and Margot listening. It might have discouraged Noah. But if there was ever a bad woman, it's you, and if I fall into your hands again, God have no mercy on me!"

She leaned forward in a white fierceness. "I never told the secret! It was Noah!"

"That may well be," he answered. "I whispered to you what I had done; you passed it on to him; he warned the police."

She sank back on her pillow, cunning rather than frightened. "You aren't angry with me for that."

"When I came to your door again, those fellows with their staves nearly killed me."

She laughed. "You are simple as a child, François! You are reaching for a magnificent excuse to desert me. You have found another woman. If you think I don't know who she is, I'll say her name."

Master Villon held the knife by the handle. "I prefer not to hear it from your lips."

"Then there *is* some one!"

"If I hadn't met her," said he, "I would have cut your throat."

Catherine's gray eyes turned sharp. "It isn't worth while now, I suppose?"

"It is not worth while."

"Since you have seen her, you can't even hate me?"

"Not even hate you."

He put his knife away and rose from the bed. "I wish I knew why I came, but I think it was to say good-by. I doubt if it was for revenge. I once thought well of you, you know, and if any affection still lingered, it might be awkward."

"She might be awkward, or I might?"

"But nothing remains," said he, "and we can part with quiet minds."

Catherine looked up at him with just the right flicker of sadness. "You keep nothing? Not even the ashes? I don't blame you. I never deserved you."

He should have run along, but her contrite and broken heart seemed to require a sympathizing exit.

"Perhaps it wasn't your fault," said he. "We were ill suited. I never called out the best in you."

"François," she pleaded, "embrace me for the last time! Now!"

"I don't think I'd better," said he. "Our farewells are already taken."

"I'll come tonight," said she, "to your dear little room in the cloisters."

It was evident to him that the girl was a fool. "If there's one thing would make me happy, it's a visit from you at St. Benedict's with my godfather on my neck!"

"Tonight, François!"

"Never!"

"Then some other night?"

He had reached the foot of the stairs before she called him back. He could see just her head and a slant of her white shoulders leaning out of the door.

"Some other night, François—perhaps?"

Since it would help her to let go more easily—and since he would certainly be out of Paris before she came—

"Perhaps."

Hardly had he taken ten steps when he knew it was the wrong answer, and marveled at himself for making it. But the streets were stirring and he needed his mind against the provost's men, those unpredictable strollers.

The most prudent path lay through Parchment Street, through the schools, then down St. James's and across the bridge to the city, then right, just before you came to the Pine Cone, past the hospitals and Notre Dame, then over Red Bridge to St. Louis's Island, then by Mary's Bridge to the Célestin quarter, where his mother was doubtless busy with her washing, and would be surprised to see him.

She was, in fact. She had thought him dead and had spent precious sous for a Mass. Later she had heard he was reprieved but in exile, and, grateful that the Mass had done so much good, she had slipped into St. Paul's many a time to pray for her uncertain boy.

Now, with the suds on her knuckles, she opened the door and saw his ghost.

"François! For the love of God!"

Thereupon she began to cry, which he disliked because it moistened his own eyes. To encourage her he kissed both cheeks and rubbed the back of her head.

"What mischief is it now?" said she.

"Yourself, and nothing worse," said he. "You're handsomer than ever!"

"Brat!" said she, drying her cheeks with her skirt.

"I happened to be in town, and thought of you," said he, stepping inside and taking the bench by the washtub. "How are you? Let me look."

She took off his hat for him and laid it carefully on the table with the laundered things. Then she pulled up a stool, and the two sat facing each other.

He might say she was handsome, now that she wasn't talking and you couldn't miss a tooth or so. She had his black eyes, but larger, and his competent nose, but more graceful and less thin, and she made you think, as he did, that nothing life offered would be overlooked. But she had kept for herself a more obvious warmth of heart, and sorrow more than toil had made her too soon old.

"Mother," said he, "if you've changed at all, it's for the better."

"You're a strange man," said she. "Will I ever understand you?"

"If I understood myself!" said he. "Between what I intend and what gets done, I'm racked apart—so I came to you."

"Where have you been?"

"It's a long story," said he. "A moment ago I was talking with Catherine."

"That slut again? Will you never keep your hands off her?"

"Don't waste your breath on the creature," said he. "Tell me. How does a man make love to a good woman?"

"A good woman, did you say?"

"The best in the world and a great lady."

"Then she's not for you."

"I fear you're right," said he; "but meanwhile I would do what I can, the way she might think I was a good man and a great gentleman."

"You have the mark of yourself on you," said she. "If she's a good woman, you'll never deceive her—not unless she has lost her wits as well as her heart."

"She has lost nothing as yet," said he, "and I'll court her the right way or not at all. How is it done?"

She studied him, trying to get behind the question, as he would have tried. "I know nothing of the world—I'm not a great lady."

"My father was a gentleman. How did he make love?"

"Will you ask your own mother that?"

He thought he saw tears coming again.

"You're a good woman, and I've little doubt my father was—"

"He was a good man," said she, lowering her voice.

"Mother," said François Villon, "who was he?"

It took her off her guard, and he was sorry for her, holding on to a desperate calmness. "He was a good man."

"Still is. He became a priest, did he not?"

Her hands clutched together, nails biting into palm.

"I'll ask one thing more," said he. "Did he think it a sin?"

She gulped hard. "He did indeed!"

"And did you?"

"I loved him!"

He had never before heard passion from her lips, and he kept silent, awed, until she smiled. She could smile as suddenly and as wistfully as he.

"You're the queerest son a woman could have."

"Mother, if you go to hell for it now, will you be sorry?"

Her smile broadened. "I'd be sorry to go to hell."

"But not that you had your joy?"

The answer was torn out of her: "It's all I ever had!"

He sat with his eyes on the floor.

"François—why did you ask me this?"

"To know myself, mother—to know myself! If I knew what went into me at the beginning, I might know why I am as I am."

The tears were in his eyes now, to his disgust, and she got up to put a kiss on his forehead. He patted her shoulder and went looking for his hat.

"Since I met her," he said, "I've wished to start again and be what she deserved, but the other half clogs the best of me. What I used to do now seems wrong—"

"That's your father!"

"But I can't pass an open door without wanting to take a look inside."

"God forgive us all!" said she.

"Mother, it's the part of me I like best!"

She followed him to the door. "Is it your wish to marry her?"

"That or nothing."

He waved back at the turn of the corner.

He was asking himself what aid, if any, his godfather gave her, and why a man should be furnished board and lodging only for saying his prayers and repenting of his sins, while the woman must bend her back over the tub to keep alive. He was about to consider what he himself had or had not done for his mother, when a voice hailed him at Red Bridge, and it was Montigny, with Guy Tabarie.

"You? I thought you were gone?"

"No," said Montigny. "The provost's in the country, and Guy and I have a brace of ideas—"

"I've done with theft and all that," said Master Villon.

"Now, how did you think of theft?" said Guy, keeping up with him. "I've met a man from Paray-le-Monial—"

"No Burgundian for me!" said Master Villon, walking a trifle faster.

"What's the haste? You'll like Peter Merchant when you meet him. He has some

(Continued on page 18)

You bet! Crab Orchard is made by Top-Run whiskey distillers—

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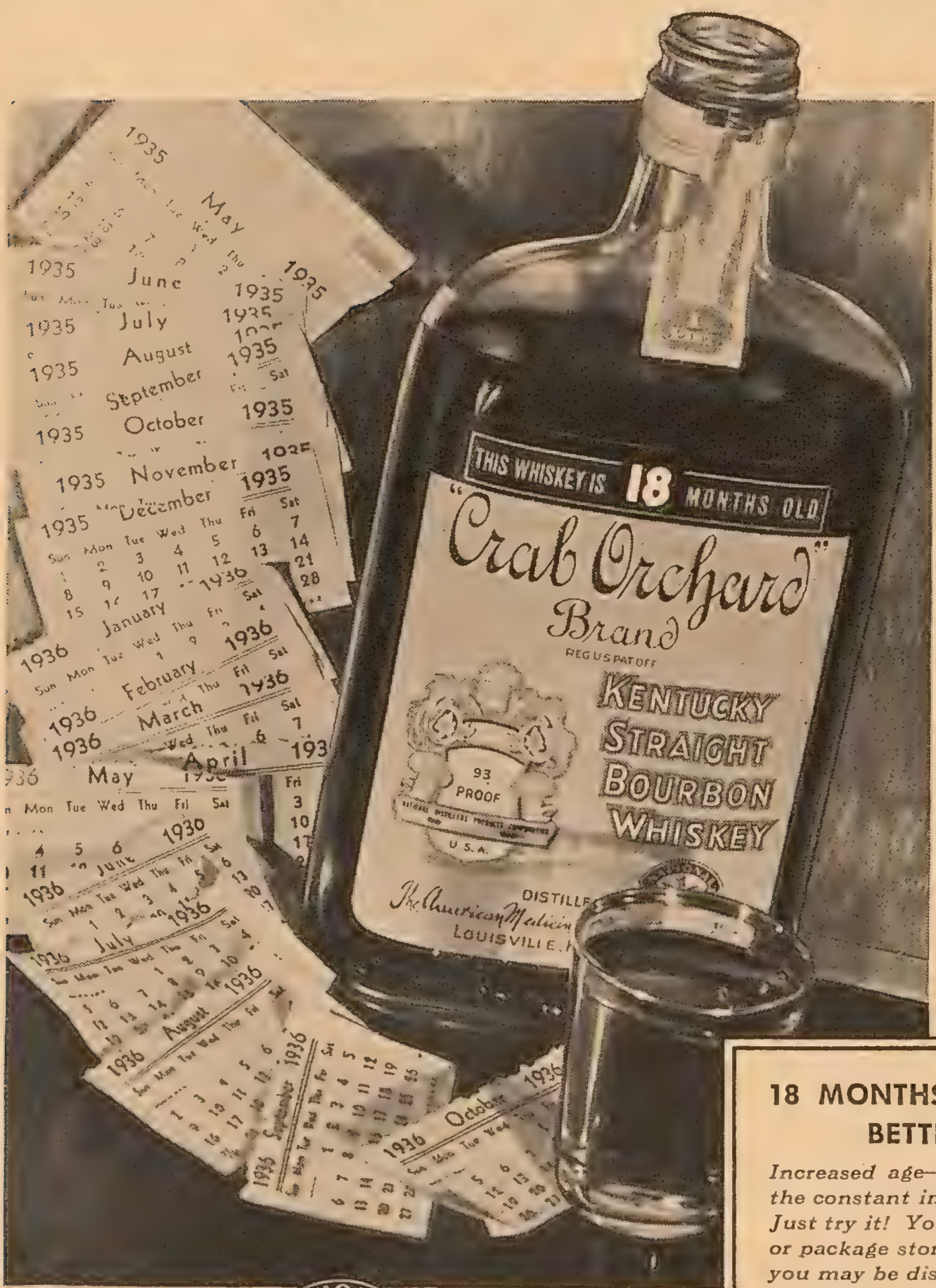
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HERE at our distillery we do not stop with preaching the doctrine of top-run whiskey. We practice it—and now the public approves with sky-rocketing sales for Crab Orchard Kentucky straight bourbon.

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BRAND

Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The A. M. S. Division of National Distillers Products Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page 16)

agreeable notions, François," said Montigny. "We'll bring him to whatever tavern you say—how about the Mule, near your godfather's church?"

No one could be more polite than Montigny when occasion demanded. Montigny was a gentleman, a rascal, but trailing fineness, to be envied for his ease of speech, his simple confident tone, his way of wearing his clothes as though he hadn't noticed them, his smooth clear cheeks, his graceful hands.

Master Villon slowed his pace, as many a time before, just because Montigny used the style of courtesy which must have an answer in kind.

"What are Peter Merchant's notions?"

"There's a priest in Angers," said Guy, "who has money. That condition, Peter Merchant thinks, should be cured."

"Haven't we enough rope around our necks already, if they find out about the College of Navarre?"

"They won't," said Guy. "If they hadn't given it up the provost wouldn't have left town."

"Peter Merchant," said Master Villon, "smells like a spy."

"Would there were more like him!" said Guy. "Half a glass makes him foolish. You should have seen him last evening, at the Pine Cone! We sang the rhyme about the young priest confessing the duchess, and he asked what poet composed that beautiful ode, and we said you did."

"Then he wasn't so drunk," said Master Villon.

"He was a riot! We dropped ale down his throat when he snored. God, how he choked!"

Master Villon was not amused. "You two will hang yet."

"Margot said you had just been there."

"Bless her kind heart!" said Master Villon. "She told Peter Merchant?"

"That's when he snored."

The three walked in silence, across the bridge now, up St. James's. A heavy coach rattled past them.

"That's the provost's carriage," said Guy. "When the cat's away! I wonder what Ambroise is up to!"

Master Villon walked in a silence all his own.

"François," said Montigny, "that priest in Angers—"

"I'll not meddle with it," said Master Villon. "Why should a priest have money? Or, if he has, why should Peter Merchant ask some one else to steal it?"

"He has respect for the art," said Guy. "The priest is an educated man and a miser. Peter Merchant thinks he's your uncle."

MASTER VILLON swung around on Montigny. "Did I ever play such a trick on *you?*"

"It was he who mentioned the name."

"We knew you only by hearsay," Guy went on, pleased by the thought of his own cleverness. "You were a brilliant talent but unreliable, and we moved only in an honest world. Come on, François, do something for your friends! Visit your uncle!"

They stood in the street, with St. Benedict's cloisters around the corner. "Peter Merchant knows far too much," said Master Villon. "My godfather *has* a brother in Angers."

"I should call it fate," said Guy—"our need of gold, your need of a journey, the happy family connections."

"I don't rob the family."

"Since when?"

Master Villon turned to Montigny. "I've no confidence in Peter Merchant. What's he doing in Paris?"

"Looking for you," Guy answered.

"Don't listen to Guy," said Montigny. "He isn't sober yet. He and Peter."

Master Villon groaned. "God knows what you two have done! I must meet the fellow and find out."

"François," said Montigny, "I swear I didn't drink!"

"Why did you bring me into it?" said Master Villon bitterly. "I told you the college was the last!"

"Do you remember how tender he was," said Guy, "when he first met Catherine? Who is it now? What new pair of legs—"

Master Villon slapped his face.

"Don't fight—not here," said Montigny, catching Guy's wrist.

"I'll slit his long nose!"

"There's time and place for all things," said Montigny.

Master Villon put up his knife. "Bring him tomorrow night—at the Mule. You've gone too far now to let him slip."

"And you'll visit your uncle?" said Guy, still feeling out his cheek.

But Master Villon was around the corner, already at the cloister door, with a fresh twist to his thoughts. There, by the curb, the provost's coach was waiting.

He tiptoed through the refectory. The main door of the chaplain's study opened from the hall. Master Villon leaned against the refectory wall and listened.

"That is all I can tell you about him, my lady," said the chaplain. "Three times he has been in the hands of the law, and what else is in the record, God and the provost know better than I, but I doubt if he would rob a church. At heart he is good."

"He hasn't a bad face," said Louise. "I should have thought he came of a better family. May I ask one thing more? Is he—of course most students are—is he—"

THE chaplain knew what was coming next. So did Master Villon.

"My lady, there were moments when I thought women would be his weakness, but there too I have hopes. He says he met a girl somewhere, heaven knows where, who put into him the desire of virtue. If the inspiration persists, God reward and protect her!"

Louise laughed, and the pleasant sound counteracted Master Villon's impulse to wring his godfather's neck. The old man, he saw, had identified the visitor and was exploring on his own account.

"Well, I won't keep you longer. Thank you again, father."

"My lady, your concern for my godson has my gratitude, but I don't understand it. Why did you come?"

She laughed again. "In your great city I'm bored. I have nothing to do. At home I give part of my time to the sick and the afflicted."

"It's a proper charity," said the chaplain, "and I could tell you were well brought up. Did you consider me afflicted?"

"Not you, father; but in the provost's house there is much talk of your godson, little of it flattering. Only the provost's wife says a kind word, and even she insists he used to be better than he is now, and she worries that he should be in Paris at all."

"Don't I worry too, my lady!"

"The provost," she continued, "has a wonderful prejudice against him, and my father, though usually humane, wants to hang him with his own hands. Naturally my interest was aroused."

"Naturally," said the chaplain.

"In our village we have no great saints or sinners. Why is it one always admires extremes?"

"You'll be disappointed," said the chaplain. "He was a mediocre sinner, and he promises to reform, which God grant, but he'll never be more than a halfway saint."

"He ought to leave Paris quickly," said Louise. "Had I means of getting that warning to him, perhaps I wouldn't have interrupted your studies."

"Your word, my lady, when I pass it on, may have force with him."

There was a pause, as though she knew it was time to go.

"Father, I wish I understood him better!"

"Ah, my lady!" Master Villon could imagine the lift of despairing hands.

"Father—if I should come again—perhaps with the provost's wife—will you forget I was here today?"

"No, my daughter—I will not forget."

She was struck dumb by the change from courtly host to priestly counselor.

"Daughter—I fear you are in love with him."

"I am."

She turned white when Master Villon stepped through the door.

"I save my father an inevitable embarrassment," said he. "His duty compels him now to say I'm not worth loving. My lady, I say it for him."

The chaplain was standing before his desk. The girl was facing him. They turned, startled.

"Have you visited the city yet, my lady—the attractive spots I recalled when we talked at Corbeil?"

"My son," said the chaplain, "if there ever was a moment when light talk was out of tune—"

"I'm thinking of the cemetery," said Master Villon, "which in that cheerful hour I neglected to describe."

"Bless me!" said the chaplain.

"There are four gates to it," said Master Villon, "and between each two a high wall, and along the north wall an arcade, colored with fading pictures. I've walked there by the hour, getting the sense of them—thirty, my lady, from a pope and a bishop down to a butcher and a baker, and with each the skull of death is dancing, the skeleton and the scythe."

"I told you, my lady—he has reformed."

"I fear I haven't," said Master Villon, "but if my lady wishes to understand me, my portrait is written there."

SHE kept her eyes on him but said nothing.

"Here's one person I'll tell the truth to, father. My mother had a taste for life, but only one gulp of it came her way. The man she loved took one look and ran away from himself. What neither finished has pushed me on."

"Honor your parents," said the chaplain awkwardly.

"If my lady cares to know it," said Master Villon, "I'm a bastard. I flourished in the streets. The taverns and the girls, with a thief or two for friend, and most of the time the rope dangling. Tell your father and the provost they have me right—"

Because their eyes met, he added—"so far as they know me."

"I suppose," said Louise, "you still look at those pictures in the cemetery?" Their eyes met again.

"It was in my thought," said he, "tomorrow afternoon, before I leave Paris, to study them once more."

She held out her hand for the chaplain to kiss, ignoring Master Villon.

"I'll take you to your coach, my lady."

Left alone, Master Villon stepped back into the refectory to recover his hat, and started for his attic room. The chaplain, returning, caught up with him at the foot of the stairs.

"My son, she thought she loved you!"

"So I heard," said Master Villon.

"God be praised, you've cured her once for all!"

Master Villon put his foot on the first tread. "My mother says you are a good man."

"Ah—you have seen her?"

"But in my opinion it's a pity your profession keeps you from any knowledge of womankind."

THE END

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
MISSOURI CORNCOB
DAD, LOUISE HAS TO WRITE AN ESSAY UPON A TYPICAL PRODUCT OF A CERTAIN STATE. SHE WAS ASSIGNED TO MISSOURI
H'M-M-M, WELL, MISSOURI IS FAMED FOR MANY THINGS, BUT THE MISSOURI CORNCOB PIPE SHOULD BE A GOOD SUBJECT
YOU SEE A LARGE PER CENT OF ALL CORNCOB PIPES ARE MANUFACTURED IN MISSOURI — CORNCOB MONOPOLY, YOU MIGHT CALL IT —
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ST LOUIS
THE BOTTOM LANDS GROW A FINE BIG COB OF CORN, AND THE FARMERS RECEIVE NEARLY AS MUCH FOR THE COB AS THEY DO FOR THE SHELLED CORN —
HONEY-THIS FINE CROP WILL HELP SEND YOU TO COLLEGE!
EXCEPT FOR THE BORING, ALMOST THE ENTIRE PIPE-MAKING PROCESS IS DONE BY MACHINERY
MAN - THIS IS A LUMPING BIG ONE
OH, WE MAKE THEM ALL SIZES-NO TWO COBS ARE EXACTLY ALIKE
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Symphony in Minor

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by ELITA WILSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

HERR JOSEF WERNER dismissed the hundred members of the symphony orchestra over whose instruments he had waved his baton for the last thirty-two years, and turned to find Baron von Hassel, who had been listening to the rehearsal, looking steadily at him. Through the vicissitudes of war and internal political strife, the baron and his group of loyal supporters of the arts had kept the famous Berlin orchestra intact.

This was not the first time Josef had caught the baron looking at him with a quizzical expression. For two years he had been expecting this moment.

"A fine rehearsal today, Herr Werner," the other began. "That new Sibelius work should attract much attention."

"We shall see," Josef nodded.

"But that new viola player," the baron went on. "I don't want to interfere—yet I feel you should replace him, Herr Werner. Today—today I insist he played off key! I saw the concertmaster wince."

"So?" Josef mused, with raised eyebrows. "I shall speak to him tonight, baron—*ja,* before the concert I shall speak to him."

The baron looked as if there were something more he wanted to say, then turned abruptly away. Josef watched until his retreating figure was lost in the musty shadows of the big stage—and shuddered.

Was it possible that some day—in the very near future, perhaps, the doctor had said—another conductor would be standing in his place, guiding his orchestra? For the last nine months he had been getting deafer.

"There is no cure for deafness like yours," the ear specialist had declared bluntly. "A year—perhaps two. But inside of two years you will be stone-deaf."

Josef felt an iron hand clutching him about the throat. He swallowed. "Will it—" he faltered, "will it come—suddenly?"

The specialist nodded. "Perhaps. Some one may be talking to you. In the middle of a sentence you may hear your last sound. Then again . . ."

Josef had stumbled out of that office a stricken man. Two years! Only two years more in which to live, to hear the music that was his very existence!

His first act had been to obtain some poison pills, which he kept in an inside pocket of his coat. And not to a living soul—not even to Martha, his devoted wife—had he breathed a word about that visit to the ear doctor. And now Baron von Hassel had all but uncovered his secret. Perhaps he even suspected how Herr Werner had come to hire a viola player who played off key. Another slip and the whole orchestra—the entire musical world—would know that Herr Werner was getting so deaf he couldn't hear his men play. It would mean the end of his career.

But first—before that happened and before he was plunged into that frightening abyss of utter soundlessness—there was something Josef must do. Summer vacation was only a month off. Frau Werner and he would make the trip to America and see Franz. Franz had written about his own orchestra and the radio program he conducted every Sunday night. Franz had become famous and rich. Josef would like to hear that orchestra. Yes, and he would like to hear Franz play again on his fiddle.

Late June found Josef and Martha in New York. There was a happy reunion with their boy, meeting his young American wife, who whispered the exciting news to Martha that soon there would be a baby. Later, when father and son were alone, Franz said:

"Tomorrow morning, papa, you must come to the broadcasting station with me. It's just across the street from your hotel. We are making an electrical recording of a new arrangement I am playing on the air for the first time tomorrow night. I'd like to know what you think of it."

Martha looked her husband over carefully the next morning before he set out, straightened the soft Windsor tie, smoothed his thinning white hair. "Franzie has a handsome poppa," she beamed.

Franz was waiting for him outside the radio building. He laughed at his father's bewilderment when he found himself in the clients' soundproof booth with the big glass window that permitted a fine view of the studio. But the sound of the orchestra tuning up, coming through the loud-speaker, put the old man at ease.

"I want you to sit here," Franz explained, "because I want you to hear the program just as it comes over the air. Then I want your honest opinion of my arrangement. Remember, now," he cautioned, "this isn't symphonic music—but I think it's the best of its kind."

Josef watched proudly as his son entered the studio. At the opening bars of the music Herr Werner sat up very straight in his chair, startled by the originality of the harmony and the clever way in which Franz had arranged a very obvious melody, and as the music wore on, the master conductor's hand was waving an imaginary baton. When the boy came back and asked him again for an honest opinion, he would spare no words of praise.

STANDING up in back, the man with the cymbals was awaiting the signal before bringing them together with a resounding clash. Josef, feeling every note of music passing through him like wind through a lute, half rose in his chair. The signal came. The cymbals clashed—and what came after Herr Werner only *saw:* The kettle-drummer beating a syncopated tattoo on his drums. The brass section blowing its hardest. The violinists and cellists bowing furiously. . . . Josef slumped in his chair, his trembling hands falling heavily at the sides.

It had come. Josef shook his head, then looked out through the big window once more. Yes—they were still playing. Suddenly the bleak future stared Herr Werner full in the face. Never again to hear a note of music!

He rose and filled a paper cup with water from a cooler. Then he sat down again and slipped one hand into his vest pocket. Wrapped in cotton were two pills. Quickly, lest he weaken, Josef put them in his mouth and drained the cup of water.

In the studio, Franz turned to steal a swift glance at his father. Josef's head was slumped over on his chest. Franz smiled. The old man was getting along in years. Probably dozed a lot these days. Well, he'd never let on he saw him.

A hand touching his elbow made him start. It was the chief radio engineer.

"Cut it!" he said. Franz rapped sharply on his stand. The music stopped. "Sorry, Mr. Werner, but you'll have to do it over again. There's been a short circuit in the control room."

THE END

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PHOTOPLAY

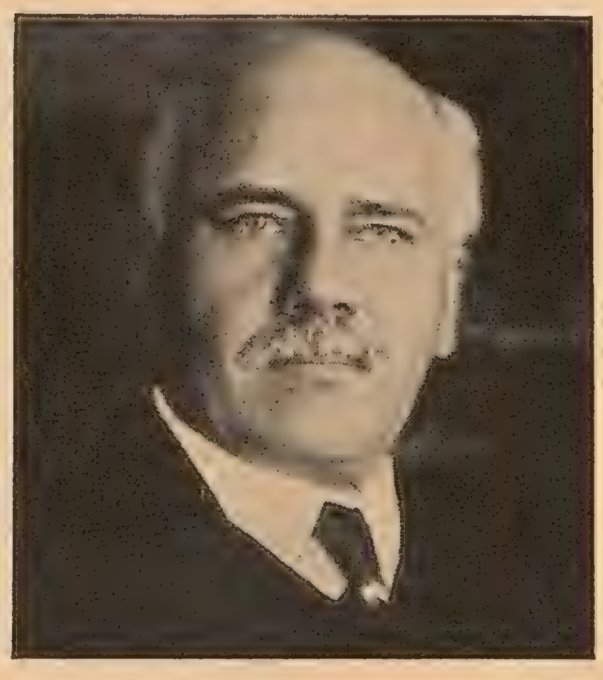
NOVEMBER ISSUE OUT NOW

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO

The Author of "In His Steps" Applies to 1936 the Question He Asked in His Famous Best-Seller of Forty Years Ago

by the Rev. Dr. CHARLES M. SHELDON

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS



WHAT WOULD JESUS DO ABOUT THE ELECTIONS?

What would He say to the munition makers?

What would He say to the youth of today?

What would He do about the steadily decaying hold of the Church?

THE REV. DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON, author of

IN HIS STEPS

the world-famous book of which more than 20,000,000 copies have been sold, answers these questions in the accompanying article.

Dr. Sheldon, however, does not include the sixty-odd million of nonchurchgoers in his message, nor the many millions living in foreign countries.

Perhaps our readers would like to know what would Jesus do about them?

IT would be very easy to answer this question by saying, "We do not know what He would do," and then pick up our hats and walk out. For if we try to answer the question by saying we think we know some things He would do in America's present crisis, it might lead to a charge of egotistic presumption on the part of any one to pretend to know the mind of Him who spake as never man spake and is revered by countless millions as the greatest standard for human conduct that the world has ever known. But it is on that account that, without irreverence or presumption, we have a right to ask what He would do and have also a fair expectation of knowing what He would do if He were living now in America.

(The editor of Liberty has asked me to submit an article on that subject, and I am writing with the understanding that a kindly audience of Liberty readers will at least give me credit for saying what I believe, without any apologies or excuses.)

First of all, let us consider some facts about the world in which we now live as compared with the world into which Jesus was born. A short time ago I tried to put down on a letter pad the number of things Jesus never saw which are a common everyday part of our lives.

Jesus never saw an automobile, or a moving picture; He never read a printed book or a daily paper; He never talked through a telephone or sent a telegram or listened to a radio; He never saw a church or a Sunday school or a public school or a republic; He never saw a printing press, a sewing machine, or a bicycle; He never knew anything about a piano or a pipe organ or a railroad train or an ocean liner; never saw a battleship like the one made by civilization, or a munition bomb that would "kill a man in terrible agony within five hours." (Quotation from a trade journal advertisement printed by a munition firm during the World War.) Jesus never saw a twine binder, a combine, or an electric light.

But you can go on with the list yourself. Ours is a different world from the one Jesus knew. How then, some one may ask, can any one pretend to know what He might do in this complex world of ours?

The answer to that is the fact that *people have not changed.* It is a different world, but folks are just the same as they always have been and always will be. And Jesus was interested in people. His main business was with human beings. I cannot find that He ever said a word about the Roman government, except when He told His disciples to pay Caesar what was due, and when He said to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world," when Pilate asked Him if He was a king like Caesar. He never denounced the Roman government; and yet it was militaristic, materialistic, lustful, built on conquest and kept alive by slavery, and rotten to the core socially. (Read Paul's indictment of customs in Roman society.)

It is on account of the fact, therefore, that the present world, although radically different in mechanical and physical ways from Jesus' world, is a world in which the people remain the same, that we can know what Jesus would do if He were here now.

At this point it is fair to ask, what did the editor mean when he used the word "crisis" as a condition in America? What is this crisis? Is it the political and economic and material condition summed up in the word "depression"? Or is it the moral and spiritual slump that followed the World War in which we killed ten million young men, crippled ten million more for life, and spent four hundred *billion* dollars in doing it?

As I understand the mind of Jesus, if He were here today, the main thing in which He would be interested would be the way people behaved. That was His main purpose when He was in the world centuries ago, and He is the same Jesus yesterday, today, and forever. I don't think He would be interested in political platforms or parties or economic legislation. But He would be tremendously interested in the folks who made up the parties and drafted the platforms. And I cannot imagine He could keep still about conditions that are not right in any part of America's life, when those conditions are always made by people whose minds and hearts are not right.

Take, for example, the condition of the Church in America. There is a crisis in it. There are 62,000,000 church members in America today—nearly one half the population. Paul says in one of his letters that Jesus "loved the church, and gave Himself for it." But how about the conditions that are true of it now? Its denominational life has been lived. If it does not unite its different sects it will die. I can imagine Jesus, if He made His first public appearance in some pulpit, saying, "Repent! And become one body!" Indeed, I believe that the first sermon Jesus would preach, no matter where it might be, would be from the text "Repent!"

The first thing Jesus would do as a public act would be to call a national conference of all the representatives of all the different denominational church bodies (including Catholic and Protestant) for the purpose of talking

IN THE PRESENT CRISIS?

over plans for a church union of all who call themselves by the Christian name. He would urge, with all the power He possessed, that all who are church members unite in one great church to be known as the "United Church of the United States."

I believe this would be the first and in some ways the most important public act that Jesus would take. And the time has come for such action on the part of the 62,000,000 church members of this country. It would tremendously inspire the whole world.

If Jesus were here today, He would call great conventions, nation-wide, to meet the young generation. Jesus Himself was young; he loved youth—and believed in it. And He would hold great numbers of group meetings with college students and discuss all questions that have to do with the one greatest of all subjects—that is, human behavior. He would, I believe, find a wonderful response to His appeal to the young people to do all they could to end war. It is the young men who have died in all the wars of history. Young men never started a war. It is the old men who have started wars. Jesus would tell the young men to tell the old men who start wars to fight them; He would also appeal to every young ambition to live the right life in politics, business, and society.

The 62,000,000 church members in America ought to do something to put an end to war. What influence do these members have with the military-minded men in Washington? No influence, apparently, since they pass a *billion*-dollar preparedness bill with not a word of debate.

What would Jesus do about militarism? The bulk of the population of America does not want another war. But the military-minded men in Washington and the munition fellows and those men who make a living off dead bodies of young men want war. I believe if Jesus were here today He would flame out against these military-minded men and these munition men and the diplomats (who are nothing but lies in dress suits) just as He flamed out against the scribes and Pharisees in His own time. I can imagine Him walking into a munition plant, confronting the high-up officials, and telling them to their faces that they are enemies of America and killers of young men.

WHAT would Jesus do today politically? I cannot picture Him as a partisan. I do not know how He would vote in the coming election. But I am certain that His appeal would be to the people of all parties. There are many parties in America today, but only one America.

I had what might be called a waking vision the other night after listening to radio talks by several candidates and their managers, and imagined a new Voice came into my study, one that I had never heard in a political campaign. And this Voice said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God; and all these *things* shall be added unto you."

Then I said to myself, That is the first real statesmanlike utterance I have heard from any political candidate; for that is the remedy for all America's blunders.

Jesus is the world's greatest Statesman. The statement was an economic statement. It dealt with *things*. If we are in a mess with the tariff and with unemployment and directly contradictory planks in political platforms, we can get out of it by seeking first the kingdom of God, instead of seeking the three things the American political creed is seeking: Pelf, Pleasure, and Power.

The great Statesman, Jesus, tells the human race to "love your enemies." That would put an end to war. But it takes a far higher form of courage to love an enemy than to shoot him. The great Statesman, if He were here, would say, "Love God and your neighbor." That statesmanship, if followed, would wipe poverty off the map, solve the problems of economics, and create heaven on earth. And the human race is too stupid and egotistic and prideful to take the remedy that Jesus gives.

During the war I was in England. One day—it was at the time when the war was going its worst for the British—I had an interesting talk with Lloyd George. "The human race," he said, "is not yet grown up. We are still children."

Yes, the world since Jesus lived in Nazareth has done some wonderful things materially. It can make bombs that will "kill a man in terrible agony within five hours." It has mastered the electric current, has contrived a multitude of gadgets to add to the pampered ease of the body and give pleasure to the senses. But the world in which we live has not made a similar progress in *behavior*. The moral and spiritual progress of the human race has not kept pace with its mechanical inventions. And that, as I understand it, is the crisis the editor asked me to write about. We cannot have a better America until we have better Americans. And we cannot have better Americans until they repent of their greed, their hate, their false patriotism, their indifference to religion and their mad rush to beat the other fellow.

And whatever else Jesus would do, He would cry aloud to all politicians and money lovers and pleasure seekers and Godless humans, in the Church and out of it: "Repent! Repent! Turn around! Go the right way!"

That is what Jesus would do. That is what America needs in the present crisis.

THE END

Terror Riding the Skies, and a Girl Like a Shining Dream—in a Breath-Taking Tale of a Love that Was Lost and the Ways of the Human Heart

by

PETER
PAUL
O'MARA

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

Ghost IN THE WIND

WHEN Don Hastings woke up, he saw a ghost. A pale silver-blonde ghost in a white monklike robe walking thoughtfully toward him across the broad Florida beach. A ghost with a young priest's face, thin and sensitive and aloofly beautiful, moving coolly through the shimmer of the midsummer heat.

Don shut his eyelids quickly, wondering if the heat had not been too much for him. Never before had he been able to imagine her so plainly, to call up her image in such painful, nostalgic detail.

He looked again, and she was still there, nearer now. For the first time it crossed his mind that perhaps this was not a ghost—that perhaps it was really Kristen. Immediately panic seized him and he turned over on his stomach to hide his face against the sand—the left side of his face especially.

At first he thought she was going to pass by, and inside him there was a chaotic mixture of regret and relief. Then she spoke.

"Please, have you a match?" she asked.

Her voice was ghostly too: a husky, almost whispering voice that echoed with the sadness of a cello through Don Hastings's heart and memory.

He sat up and turned to her, keeping his hand over the left side of his face. Automatically he picked his matches from the sand and held them out to her. She stared at him, making no attempt to take the matches.

"What are you doing here?" she asked at last.

"Recuperating," he answered, surprised that his voice was calm. "My car hit a tree."

He took his hand away from his face deliberately, and watched her eyes for the horror and pity that he had come to expect when people first saw the scar that slashed from his forehead to his chin. But Kristen's violet eyes swept over him in curious and unemotional scrutiny.

"An automobile accident?" she said. "I get so little time to read the papers!"

For the first time in months, Don laughed. The laughter was laced with mockery, but it was laughter.

"I suppose they do keep you busy!" he said. "You've come a long way. Kristen the Magnificent!"

She smiled, untroubled by his irony. "If you will give me a light, I'll sit down," she said evenly.

Instead, he scrambled to his feet.

"Come on into the house," he invited. "This sun's getting damned hot; and there's not a breath of air. Funny weather!"

"I know," she said, following him. "Storm weather, they are saying in town. They are worrying about a hurricane that is coming up the Gulf."

"Is there one? I didn't know."

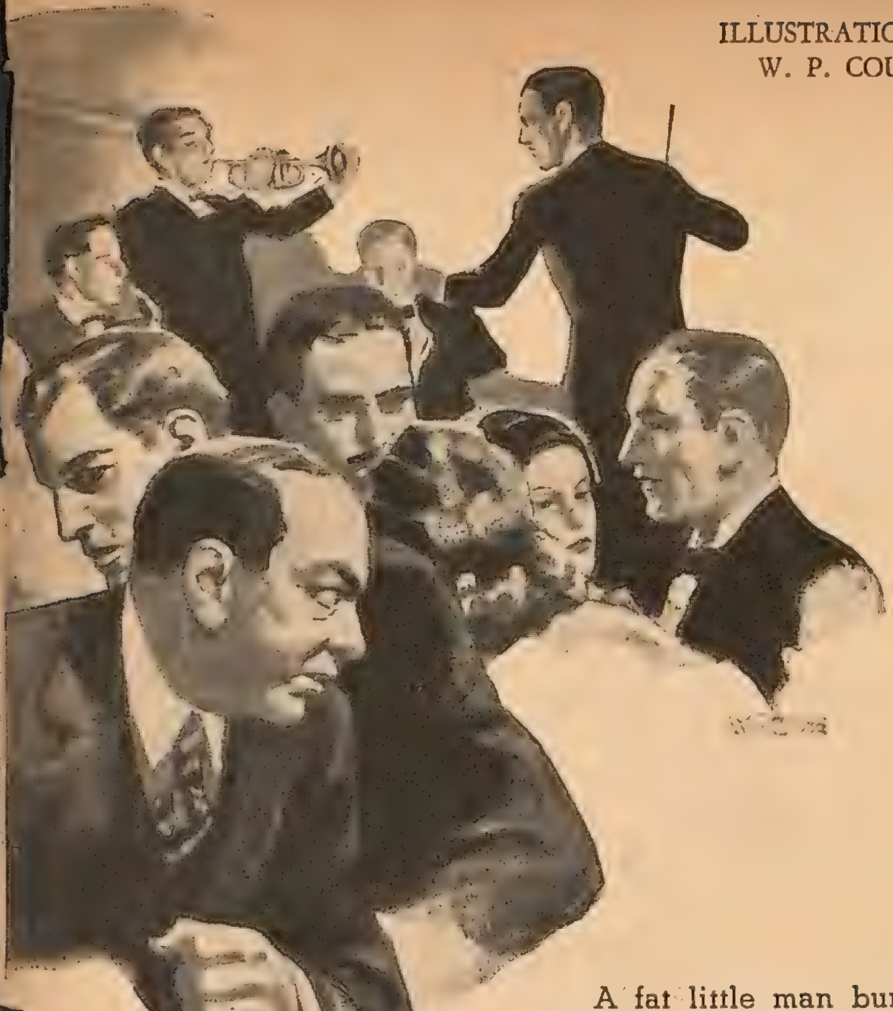
The Venetian blinds in the living room of the thick-walled house kept it dark and comparatively cool. Kristen fell with a little sigh into one of the big chairs, her lashes resting for a moment on the light gold of her cheeks. Don looked down at her, trying not to remember how often he had seen her like that.

"Tired?" he asked gently.

She half smiled. "I just finished a picture. Gismonda."

"I heard you were doing that," he nodded. "I'm glad they gave you something worth your while, for a change. But why are you wandering around Florida? I thought you were supposed to be getting married this month. Every Hollywood gossip in the country has been drooling about it."

ILLUSTRATION BY
W. P. COUSE



A fat little man bumped them, pushing his way violently through the crowd. His face was livid and his eyes popped.

Kristen veiled her eyes and shrugged. "I decided I could not go through with it. I ran away. They will not find me here."

Don nodded, restraining himself from asking questions. "Why not stay for lunch?" he suggested.

She laughed. "I shall cook it."

Don looked skeptical. "Kristen Heydin goes domestic. What a picture for the fan magazines! Haven't you forgotten the humbler arts?"

Abruptly she turned away from him.

"Now," she commanded, "show me where you keep things in your kitchen, and then go away until lunch is ready."

He stood there for a moment, holding her eyes with his, and then with a shrug he went through the screen door on to the beach.

THE first two years after she divorced him had not been so bad. He had flung himself into his work, raging at the fate that had given him features which would not photograph. He was determined to make his name as famous in the theater as she was making hers in moving pictures. In those years he did what he had tried so desperately to do while he was married to Kristen. He became famous. Even stage folk acknowledged him as a great young actor.

Then, when the hill was climbed and he could afford to take it easy for a bit, he found himself remembering. In a world haunted by Kristen, with her face on every magazine cover and her name in ten-foot letters against the sky of Broadway, he tried to forget her.

The attempt took a long time and many well publicized forms. There was a breach-of-promise suit. He even got married; but it was not important to any one, even the girl, and lasted only four months.

"Lunch is ready!" Kristen's voice interrupted him.

She had made something that was not quite scrambled eggs, and wrapped it in slices of ham. There was a salad that did not look or taste like tinned vegetables. And for dessert there were little Swedish pancakes.

Kristen did not eat much, but watched him, her chin in her hands, her eyes inscrutable. He finished his third cup of coffee and cleared the dish of all the pancakes.

"I can still cook," she said then. "No?"

"That's the first good meal I've had since the morning you put breakfast on the table and walked out of the apartment and never came back."

She nodded. "I told you some day I would do that!"

He leaned across the table. "I wish you hadn't, Kristen! We might have been happy again."

"Perhaps," she admitted, shrugging. "But I did not have years to waste in soothing your vanity every time a critic said I was a good actress. Perhaps we had too much temperament for one couple." She made an expressive gesture with her hands. "But that is over. And now I have cooked your lunch, you must do something for me."

He nodded slowly. "Anything, Kristen. You know that."

"Tonight there is a dance at the pavilion. Take me to dinner first, and then take me dancing."

His fingers went to the scar and his eyes hardened.

"That's impossible!" he said flatly.

Her brows lifted. "You have another engagement?"

He got up and walked to the window. "You're being stupid, Kristen. Or cruel!" He turned to her again. "Look at this scar. Look at it!"

HER eyes considered the tailored meteor that swept down his face and she smiled slightly.

"You were always vain," she said—"even for an actor!"

He closed his lips tightly, but her eyes still mocked him.

"Do you intend to live alone for the rest of your life?" she went on. "It is brave of you, who loved the world so well, to give it up for the sake of a little scar!"

Don forced his voice into quietness: "Make-up hides it on the stage—but in public! The doctors may be able to do something next year, when the tissues strengthen."

"So? And if they are not able to do something, you will perhaps move to the top of Mount Everest?"

"Let's drop it, Kristen!" he said, his voice almost cracking. "It's no good. I will not be stared at by a lot of open-mouthed morons!"

Her smile remained mocking as she got to her feet and held out her slim white hand.

"I am staying at the Hotel Pheid," she said. "Next time, you must come to see me. Perhaps you will change your mind tonight."

He watched her as she went down the beach, looking taller than she was in the long white robe, her gallant boy's head held straight above her straight shoulders.

He fell asleep. When he woke up it was six o'clock and the sea was running a queer oily swell. Almost time for him to be leaving for town if he were going to accept Kristen's invitation—which of course he was not. He dressed very carefully, telling himself that he had been letting things slip, living all day in nothing but bathing trunks. Then he slammed the screen door viciously behind him, and started for town, suddenly afraid that he would be late and find Kristen gone.

The Pheid was an old-fashioned hotel in the middle of town, far different from the gaudy new towers on the water front, closed now for the summer. When he was already in the lobby Don realized that he did not know what name Kristen was using.

"Have you a lady here," he asked the young man at the desk, "slim, with blonde hair? And pretty!"

The boy flashed white teeth in an impudent face. "That would be Mrs. Hastings!" he said enthusiastically. The elevator started with a whine, and the clerk turned toward it. "This is her now, probably. She usually comes down about this time."

It was Kristen, in white and red and black, her golden throat and shoulders rising out of her gown with clean purity of line. Her eyes were tranquil and her mouth smiled a little as she crossed the lobby, her hand outstretched.

"I am sorry to be late!" she greeted Don. "I stayed too long on the beach this afternoon."

So she had been sure he would come!

"I just got here," he said. He grinned at the clerk as they went out. "The boy at the desk is one of your public."

"Who isn't?" Kristen smiled, her eyes faintly mocking again. "But didn't he scream and run away from your scar?"

Don did not answer. Instead he asked, "What's the idea of registering as Mrs. Hastings?"

"Why not?" she said. "It is my name, isn't it?"

Again he could find no answer for her. He turned his attention to the sky and down the length of Central Avenue to where the Gulf glittered, grayish yellow in the queerly diffused light.

"Heard anything more about the storm?" he asked. "The sea is certainly acting funny!"

She nodded, shivering. "It looks horrible, doesn't it? But the storm is passing us by out to sea, going toward Texas."

"Damn!" he said. "I was hoping for a good rousing wind. It might get rid of this murkiness. Besides, I like storms."

They found a little tearoom where the food was good, and took a long time over their meal. They did not talk much; they seemed almost shy of each other. But whenever it was time to go, Don strained to start a new conversation. Finally Kristen stood up, and he paid the bill.

When they reached the municipal pier, an orchestra was playing in the pavilion and most of the townspeople were either dancing or sitting outside, enjoying a new coolness that had come with the setting of the sun. In the darkness outside the pavilion Don hesitated, and Kristen looked at him inquiringly.

"What is the matter?"

"Kristen, I don't want to go in."

She watched him for a second, and then, with a movement that was unexpected and deliberate, she put her hand against the scar and leaned toward him. Her lips touched his with a tenderness that was deeper than any passion.

He followed her through the door, automatically handing in his tickets. Coolly, as though it were happening to another person, he saw people stare at them, saw the speculation with which they looked at him, and then saw them turn to give all their interest to Kristen.

At the edge of the dance floor Kristen held out her arms. They danced without speaking, moving in secluded privacy in the jostling crowd, isolated from it in a cloak of memory and emotion. At last they stopped and moved to one of the little balconies that stood out over the water. It was empty, and in its retirement they turned to face each other.

"Kristen," Don said, "do you still love me?"

Her voice was as quiet as his: "I told you five years ago that I would always love you."

"Kristen, you know how I feel about you. Life hasn't been much good since you left me."

"Not even—" She stopped and sighed. "Never mind. It was a stupid question. But it is no use, Don. We were in love before, and it did not make us happy."

"We're older than we were. We're more tolerant."

She looked away from him, out over the sea. "I don't know," she answered. "I don't know!"

HER face, pale in the yellow moonlight, was twisted with doubt and pain. As Don watched her he received a shock. She seemed to be growing dim before his eyes. He blinked and stared at her more closely.

Then she turned to him, and he saw with relief that she was growing distinct again. But it was an odd distinctness, with a sharpness like etched lines. And there was an unpleasant color to her skin—a pinkish saffron. But she was staring at him, too.

"What's the matter, Don?" she asked, her voice startled. "Are you ill? You look—"

The wind interrupted her. It had been a breeze, soft and heavy; but it suddenly freshened into a damp gust that blew her hair back from her forehead in a silver torrent, and she began to disappear again. Don clutched at her hand and they both turned nervous eyes to the sky.

A jagged knife-edge of cloud was cutting the moon in half, and the moon itself had become red as though with its own blood. All the stars on one side of the sky had been blotted out. As they looked the moon disappeared too, as completely as though it had been turned off with a switch.

Kristen shivered. "Let's go inside!" she said. "It's going to rain."

They went in, walking slowly. When they reached the dance floor, it was with a sense of shock that Don saw every one still dancing and laughing. Such normalcy seemed out of place, almost improper. But it was reassuring. Nothing was wrong. Nothing was going to happen.

They had just begun to dance when they were stopped again. A fat little man bumped them, pushing his way violently through the crowd. He seemed drunk. His face was livid and his eyes popped; his mouth opened and shut ludicrously. He looked like a small plump fish in a strange tank as he crashed his way toward the orchestra. People muttered irritably after him. Don followed him with frowning, curious eyes.

THE little man stammered something to the leader, who looked startled. The man climbed up on the platform and shook the leader's arm. The musician nodded slowly and tore into abrupt electrical action. He turned, snatched a trumpet from one of his men, and raised it to his lips. The note he sounded filled the room with a cold purity of sound that commanded silence. Like the horns of doom, Don thought—like the bugles of death.

The musicians, staring, let the waltz falter to a ragged close. The dancers turned wonderingly. People who had been whispering in corners stood up to look.

The fat man pumped his arms up and down, trying to say something; but the band leader pushed him aside.

"Folks!" he shouted, tautly calm. "We've just got a warning! The hurricane's swung around. It's practically here."

The leader held up his hand.

"Don't try to get home!" he shouted. "The hotel across the plaza. There's a cellar where—"

Something roared out at sea, undermining his voice and disintegrating it. The roar grew until nothing could possibly grow louder, and then it continued to grow. A movement in the chintz curtains at the windows caught Don's eyes, and he stared at them, hypnotized.

They fluttered a little, and then they rose, slowly, with deliberate steadiness, until they stretched horizontal on their hangers. A glass door, insecurely fastened, broke free. It banged against a wall and shattered, frame and glass and everything.

The glass and the broken woodwork flew in a glinting shower. They made no sound. The dreadful roaring seemed to smother everything, like a blanket of cotton wool wrapped around the world.

Don saw Kristen shivering, and pulled her closer to him.

"Steady, Kristen!" he shouted futilely.

A woman screamed.

The sound splintered through the room, and Don became conscious that the roaring had stopped. He saw a man a few feet from him touch his ears incredulously and then stare at his hands. A woman started to walk rapidly toward the entrance. A young man in a white mess jacket, with a whiter face, followed her, running.

That started every one. Men who had seemed paralyzed grabbed their women and rushed for the door. The door was wide, but not wide enough to permit the exit of several hundred people at once. In a minute the dancers were jammed together in a struggling, squealing heap.

Don gripped Kristen's hand and started toward them. Then he halted, knowing it was useless.

"We'd better wait here," he said in a voice he hoped was matter-of-fact. "Nobody could get through that mob!"

They watched one man try it, a big man with a tiny wife. He used one arm to keep his wife at his side and the other to tear human obstacles out of his way. A woman turned to strike at him savagely, and the big man, his face like a terrified animal's, sent his fist into her face. Don turned away, nauseated, knowing there was nothing any one could do.

"We'd better move away from these windows, Kristen," he said. "The other side is more protected, I think."

She tried to smile at him. While they were moving, the roar began again out at sea. There was a new ominous shrillness about it that was worse than mere volume of sound. The people at the door became more terrified than ever. They were moving more rapidly now that the first solid phalanx had been crushed out upon the pier.

The orchestra was playing resolutely. Something hit the building like a giant flat hand, and it rocked. Every window on the west side flung inward with a long-continued sound of shattering glass. The big entrance door swung to with tremendous force, sweeping the remnants of the crowd on to the pier. It slammed with a curious dullness, as though what it slammed against were much softer than steel or wood.

Kristen was flung against Don. He staggered, but managed to retain his footing, and pulled her into a little alcove at the side of the room.

"We're safer here!" he shouted, knowing she could not hear a word he said.

THE orchestra leader flung down his baton and shouted something to his men. What he said was lost in the terrible howl that seemed to come from the interior of the building itself.

The whole structure trembled and moved. All the air seemed sucked away, leaving a vacuum that was like a dagger in Don's ears. He threw his arm about Kristen and set himself solidly against the wall.

The building shook again, more violently. There was a sound like a mountain exploding. One of the steel girders that braced the roof snapped in two and whipped upward, smashing its way through the tiled roof.

Water came through the wet windows as though the building had suddenly been sunk a hundred feet under the sea. It shot across the room with furious speed, as if spurted from some gigantic fire hose.

Don, bracing himself, watched it with a curiously unemotional horror as it picked up furniture and smashed it against walls and pillars. It struck the great wooden platform on which the musicians stood. The platform swept away from the wall, rocked agonizingly, stood on end, and was pitched into a corner. The leader was flung wide. All the other men seemed to disappear.

And then it stopped. The wind stopped howling. The water stopped pouring through the windows. The building stopped trembling.

Don and Kristen, standing with the water washing around their waists and quickly receding, felt the silence like some terrible new noise. It was as hard to bear as the noise had been. Harder.

The band leader staggered to his feet out of the water. He began shambling his way through the still boiling flood toward the broken plat-

Mom's wise now!

Mom used to tell me to bring home some 60-watt bulbs. Now she always says, "Be sure to get 60-watt Edison MAZDA lamps." She's wise now! She has learned that good lamps like these *Stay Brighter Longer* and don't waste electricity. So now when I go to the store for lamp bulbs, I always look for the trade-mark GE on the end of each bulb.

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form in the corner. Suddenly Don turned to Kristen. “I'll be right back!” he said.

Kristen followed him dazedly as he went after the leader. Together they pulled the heavy platform away.

There were only three men under it. One of them was dead already, and another died when they tried to move him. The third, the boy who played the drums, pulled himself to his feet. He was bleeding terribly from cuts in his head and chest. The leader grabbed him and turned to Don and Kristen.

“We've got to get out!” he said, shouting as though the room were still bursting with the horrible noise. “It'll be back. This place will never stand another one!”

“Let's go!” Don said curtly.

The big door was jammed. It took their combined strength to open it, and when they got outside they discovered why. The iron railing from the pier had been torn loose and whipped back against the pavilion. There were several people wrapped in its coils. Others were crushed between it and the door. They were all dead. Don shivered, wondering how many of the dancers had been on the pier when the wave struck.

There was no wind. There was no sound except the sound of the sea against the concrete foundations of the pier. The lights were still blazing, miraculously undisturbed by the storm.

Far away, something began to whistle. So thin and high it was, it sounded like a piccolo. Don saw the orchestra leader's face grow loose with terror, but he continued to drag the injured drummer along between them. Then Don detected an undertone to the whistle, a swelling roar that slowly drowned the piccolo.

“Run, Kristen! Run!” he shouted. “We'll be right behind!”

Fleetingly she smiled at him, but she made no attempt to obey him. She stayed, holding lightly to his free arm.

THE wind came over the sea, driving thick sheets of salt water in front of it like walls. The water hit them first, choking and blinding them. Then the wind struck. Don felt himself being lifted from his feet. He clung desperately to the hurt drummer, but his arm was torn loose. The wind picked him up and twisted him around. He crashed tremendously against something solid. Hot pain sang through him. Fire blazed into his eyes and died away.

When he could feel again, he could not remember what had happened to him. He was smothering. Something warm was pressed over his face, shutting off air and light. But he could hear. A noise like an insane world shrieking—that would be the wind. But the machine-gun noise—what was that? And the other noise—the vaguely familiar thumping against his eardrums?

He moved his head, choking for breath. Immediately the soft warm thing against his face was lifted a little. Salt water spat into his eyes and mouth, reviving him. His head was in Kristen's lap, pressed tightly against her breast as she bent over him. Her hands were against his hair, holding him close. He grinned at her vaguely.

“Nice!” he muttered.

Something missed Kristen's face by an inch and landed next to Don's outstretched foot with a report like the *sput* of a bullet. He twisted again so that he could see better. It was a tile. The roof was being blown from the pavilion.

Suddenly he realized that she was shielding him with her own body. He sat up, swearing. She tried to hold him. Her arms were strong, but he had the strength of angry pride.

When he tried to get to his feet, the wind blew him down again. He raised himself on his elbows and looked around. There was a dark bundle lying some distance away from them. He crawled to it, Kristen following. It was the drummer. He was unconscious. There was no sign of the leader.

Don tried to heave the man across his back, but he was too weak to manage it. Kristen shook his arm, shouting something that he couldn't hear. She motioned him to catch one of the musician's shoulders. She took the other, and they crawled toward the mainland, dragging the unconscious body behind them.

They reached the end of the pier. Don thought he could not go on. Every inch of him ached with pain, and the wind seemed to be blowing the air from his face, so that he could not breathe. Kristen's face, the fine hair plastered against it, was drawn with effort and strain.

The wind stopped then for a moment, and they got to their feet, dragging their burden with them.

“You run ahead, Kristen!” Don pleaded, panting.

She glanced at him scornfully and continued to help him.

Halfway across the wide plaza, the wind struck again, and flung them to the ground. The tops of great palm trees sailed over them like birds on wide green wings. A cottage staggered off its foundation and rolled across the grass toward them, flinging shingles with malicious aim. They started crawling again.

When they reached the hotel, they had to crawl halfway around it before they found the steps to the cellar. They came upon them so unexpectedly that Don tumbled down them before he could save himself. Wearily he climbed up again to help Kristen with the drummer.

The cellar was already crowded with refugees. There was even a doctor. He took the drummer, shaking his head doubtfully, and told them to be quiet until he had time to take a look at them.

They crowded into a corner and sat with their backs against the whitewashed concrete. They were too exhausted to breathe. They sat silent for a long time, their eyes closed.

“I'm glad knees are not important to my art!” Kristen murmured at last. “Mine are ruined!”

ANNOUNCING

A Series of Radio
Discussions of
National Questions
by

BERNARR MACFADDEN

HUMANITARIAN — PUBLICIST — PHILANTHROPIST

Until further notice, Bernarr Macfadden, humanitarian, publicist, and philanthropist, will discuss a topic of national interest every Tuesday evening at 10 o'clock E. S. T. in a fifteen-minute broadcast over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting Company.

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He opened his eyes and looked at them. There were great black bruises on them, and her torn stockings were stiff with blood. Don started to clamber to his feet again.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"I'm going to get that doctor over here!"

She put her hand on his shoulder and pushed him back to a sitting position again.

"Don't be silly!" she scoffed. "They don't hurt!"

As his strength came back, his anger returned also.

"Lucky it's only your knees!" he growled. "What the hell do you mean, doing a thing like that?"

"Like what?" Her eyes widened in her mud-streaked face.

"Exposing yourself like you did. Wrapping yourself around me when those tiles were coming down!"

She smiled. Despite the dirt and weariness of her face, she was still beautiful. She didn't say anything. Don was suddenly more embarrassed than angry.

"Well, anyway," he grunted, "you were a fool. Suppose you'd been killed? Suppose your face had been all cut up and scarred?"

"You wouldn't love me if my face was ruined," she said, "would you, Don?"

"I love you even the way you look now!" he said. Then he abandoned his attempt at lightness. "It wouldn't matter if you looked like a potato. I love you. It doesn't have anything to do with your face."

"Well, then!" she said. She raised her hand to let her fingers run gently down the length of the scar. "Well, then, Don?"

They sat close together for a while in motionless and silent contentment. Then Don forced his eyelashes apart again.

"You weren't really in love with that other guy, were you?" he demanded. "The guy they said you were going to marry?"

Her eyes considered him, faintly mocking, faintly laughing, lazily affectionate.

"No," she said. "Publicity for Gismonda. Your brother wrote me you were down here, sulking. I thought maybe it would be a good time to see about trying again."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Who (shown in the early photo to the reader's left) stopped Jack Dempsey in New Orleans; once beat five men in a night, and fought in his fifties?

2—What was the Great Harry?

3—Which state has paid allegiance to six flags?

4—What sluggish mammal lives upside down?

5—When one part of salt melts three parts of ice, what is the temperature of the resulting solution?

6—Which radio star thanks the auditors for hearkening?

7—What is Europe's largest river fish?

8—A lawyer who encourages the bringing of lawsuits practices what?

9—Where did Patrick Henry demand liberty or death?

10—Who wrote of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, "privates . . . and personal friends"?

11—What is a fleece?

12—How many states have or have had sterilization laws?

13—What Democratic candidate thrice won the popular vote for President?

14—Which is heard at greater distance, thunder or the discharge of a cannon?

15—Who invented the electric fan?

16—What river rises between Venezuela and Colombia, and has a cataract 870 miles from its mouth?

17—Did Adam and Eve have any daughters?

18—Who is said to have successfully blackmailed a United States President and his wife?

19—How many telephones are there in London, England?

20—Whose first novel was Fanshawe?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

ASK YOUR DENTIST
THESE THREE QUESTIONS

1. Is it true that gums and teeth need special exercise?
2. Would you consider chewing gum a valuable aid in cleaning teeth after meals?
3. Will milk of magnesia help prevent mouth acidity? Is this valuable?

ORALGENE chewing gum helps you answer all 3 questions. Oralgene gives the exercise you need to help strengthen gums and the spongy tissues that support the teeth.

All chewing gum helps but ORALGENE is particularly valuable because of its specially firm texture. ORALGENE helps clean the teeth systematically and easily, removing food particles that even your toothbrush sometimes misses. ORALGENE contains enough dehydrated milk of magnesia to help fight mouth acids all the time you are chewing. This is especially valuable in cleansing the mouth after meals.

That's why we say—see your dentist at least twice a year . . . and

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE—
USE ORALGENE

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE
TO OPEN USE TAB TO OPEN USE
FOR THE TEETH
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH

EACH PIECE INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

HELLCATS IN THE SPANISH WAR

Will Women Fight on All Fronts of the Future?

by

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WOMEN have indeed broken into the front rank of modern war. In Spain's bloody rebellion they have cast aside the Spanish woman's mantilla-protected role and have fought with their men—have even fought each other.

La Pasionaria (the Passionflower) stands out as the most ferocious of these Amazons. Born Dolores Ibaruri, a miner's wife and at one time laundress, she won her nickname in the rebellion of two years ago in the north of Spain, where the miners revolted, set up local soviets, and were only suppressed by fierce Moorish mercenaries.

Oviedo well remembers Dolores's baptism by fire. The bolshevik miners were ill equipped for war. They carried rickety old muskets and revolvers that were more dangerous to their bearers than to the government troops. So they turned to a weapon which they used every day in the dark mine shafts—dynamite. A phalanx of these desperate men with dynamite sticks was just as effective as any hand-grenade squad.

The government troops, holding the principal streets and squares of Oviedo, were time and again surprised and blown to pieces by an innocent-looking old woman bent under a sack of dirty linen. Removing a small object from her billowing skirts, this woman would throw it with deadly effect among a squad of soldiers. The woman was La Pasionaria.

No more incongruous name was ever given. Dolores Ibaruri is neither young nor flowerlike. She is fifty-five, with severe care-lined visage. She looks no different from thousands of other women who carry bundles on their heads in the market places of Spain.

But her husband was one of the commissars of the little soviets formed by the miners. He was killed in the fighting. Dolores was captured and spent many months in prison. Coming out, she was elected Communist deputy to Parliament. When the rebel militarists rose in revolt, she backed the government forces and formed Spain's first women's "battalion of death," composed of miners' wives in Oviedo.

Again these proletarians turned to dynamite. No longer clad in cumbrous skirts but overalled like their men, the women's battalion became the shock troops. Deploying as an advance line across a square, they hurled their fearsome grenades at the rebel soldiers. Many died at their task, but often they were able to blast a way for the men to follow and clean up by hand-to-hand fighting.

La Pasionaria was the commander. But not for long. As the idea of women's battalions spread, the government recognized her publicity value. She was sent by plane to various fronts. Her fame spread across the Pyrénées. An airplane bore her to France, where she pleaded the cause of the loyalist government.

But meanwhile other women carried on.

Victoria Kent is a different, a wholly new and modern type. She is the intellectual of Spain's female forces. She is not a Communist but a Republican Reformist. She believes in changing but not overthrowing the present order. Born in Spain of an English father and a genteel Spanish mother, she was educated in France and England. She was one of Spain's first suffragettes and was carried kicking and screaming from the gate of King Alfonso's palace by policemen. When Alfonso fell, the votes for women she demanded were won with the establishment of the republic. Victoria became a deputy and was appointed commissioner of prisons.

In this role she introduced sensational reforms. A keen student of Freud and Jung, she took an interest in the sex life of the prisoners. Remarking that prison confinement causes the spread of perversions and neuroses, she arranged so that married men might receive nightly visits from their wives, and bachelors from sweethearts or prostitutes. Results have not yet been tabulated and analyzed. But when the revolt broke out, it was reported that Victoria Kent was writing a book on the subject.

Victoria did not go into the front line. She was too frail. But she went to all the fronts. Always the theorist, she insisted that the presence of women as fighters in battle not only spurred the men on by their desire to excel in the eyes of woman but also made them fight harder to uphold man's traditional superiority in war.

Her passion for organization has brought about careful supervision of the recruiting. Here is how a female recruiting station looks. A modern hotel (requisitioned by the government) in Barcelona with a sign: "General Secretariat of the Women's Battalion of Catalonia." Inside, typists and stenographers hard at work. A long table at which five women commissars sit in judgment over a line of twenty candidates. The latter include poorly clad factory women, cute little shopgirls, high-school students, one or two society women. They are called, one by one, before the table. No physical examination is necessary—only the quick scrutiny of the five judges. Less than half are judged eligible for duties at the front.

The others are divided into three classes—for cooking, hospital work, and taking care of the children of women who go to the front. Those who go are divided into three categories—infantry, artillery, and aviation. It is a fact that a women's squadron of aviators is being formed.

The Catalonian battalions now number three thousand women. Some thirty have died in the fighting.

Women fight women. On the rebels' side, women's battalions march beside the men's. This is in the north, where General Mola's forces welcome all sorts of civilian soldiers.

The outstanding female figure on the side of the rebels is Señorita Dolores Primo de Rivera y Cabo de Guzman, the daughter of the late dictator. She is also by far the prettiest of all Spain's Amazons. How was so lovely a creature drawn into the shambles of civil war? Perhaps her devotion to her brother, young Primo de Rivera, explains it. He is head of the Fascist Spanish Phalanx, the organization which did more for starting the revolt than any other. In the months preceding the rising, the Phalanx carried on a secret but terrible guerrilla warfare against Republicans, Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists. Intensely Catholic, its members were sworn to avenge all burnings of Catholic churches by members of the radical groups.

Top to bottom: Urraca Pastor, rebel dynamite thrower. "The Passionflower," ferocious Red on the government side. Maria del Pilar, whose father is Premier; her lover is Zamora's son! She's a soldier. Victoria Kent, organizer.

Photos Acme and Pictures, Inc.

Señorita Dolores is said to have acted as the chauffeur of one of the Phalanx's "death patrols" in a city in Catalonia dominated by the Anarchists, who had been patrolling at night in automobiles. Dolores's gang painted a car with the Anarchist insignia, and went Anarchist hunting. Approaching one of the real patrol cars, they threw a bomb under its wheels. When the smoke cleared, there was only a tangle of steel and torn bodies. By the time other Anarchists ran up, the Phalanx car was speeding away to another quarter, where they raked another patrol with a tommy gun. Finally, after the whole town was in an uproar, the car was abandoned and Dolores and her friends went home to bed.

This sort of activity led to the arrest of Dolores, who according to latest reports remains in jail.

Other desperate women have appeared on the rebels' side. Urraca Pastor is physically the counterpart of La Pasionaria—tall, gaunt, grim-visaged. She has become known as the "Catholic Anarchist" simply because she throws bombs. With a rosary draped around her neck, she has gone into battle hurling dynamite sticks. In the early fighting around Irún and San Sebastian Señora Urraca took a leading part.

Not all Spain's Amazons show the ferocity for which some are now notorious. Anita López, a pharmacist's clerk in Mérida, was a combination of La Pasionaria and Victoria Kent. She had all the ugliness of a peasant woman, and yet she was a scholar. "She knows Latin," the illiterate townsfolk used to say. She also knew her Spanish history. She recalled that Queen Isabella, the patroness of Columbus, had led her troops and driven the Moors out of Spain.

Playing on this ancient fear of the Mohammedans, she roused the peasants and villagers when the news came that Franco was leading his Moors to take the city. She organized committees of defense and battalions. She even had the streets, squares, and public buildings mined with T.N.T. By throwing a central switch, she could blow the town and with it the advance guards of the enemy to pieces.

BATTLE was joined on the outskirts, and the militia, fighting desperately, was driven back. The moment had come. But the Moors had encircled the town, and hundreds of women and children found that they were unable to escape. Anita López, standing at the switch, decided for sparing their lives. She went out to meet the enemy and surrendered.

The Moors stood her against a wall to shoot her, sneering at her ugliness. But she had the last word: "At least, I'm too young to die." Refusing the bandage for her eyes, she died bravely.

At least one drama of love has lighted up this conflict of hates. Premier Largo Caballero's two daughters fought in the government ranks. But one of them, pretty María del Pilar, went with a gallant in her wake. He was none other than the son of Catholic and conservative Alcalá Zamora, President of the Republic until a few months ago.

The romance had been going on for over a year. Young Zamora one day went to a Socialist meeting, prepared to scoff. He saw María del Pilar on the platform beside her famous Socialist father. He contrived to get an introduction. She fell in love with him, too. They wanted to get married, but both fathers, of course, opposed it. However, young Zamora persisted and even joined the Socialist Party, hoping to soften Largo's heart.

The war came and ex-President Zamora fled to France. The son stayed, and to prove his sincerity joined a Socialist battalion. Largo was somewhat mollified, but made the marriage contingent on the suitor's proving his valor. So now he stands in a trench in the Sierras and sees his beloved only when her overall-clad detachment marches near his own outfit.

Spain's Amazons point the way for their sisters in other lands. In Soviet Russia, women have joined the famous parachute-jumping platoons. In China, nationalist elements include women fighters who march beside their men. Kemal Ataturk has accepted some Turkish women as aviators in his army. Latin-American war and revolution, particularly in Mexico, have long since made famous the *soldada,* who not only cooks for the troops but mans a gun when necessary. In the Chaco war, many fierce Indian women fought in the Paraguayan and Bolivian armies.

Well, modern warfare is largely pulling levers and pushing clutches, and women are as well able to do this as men. Since we have Amelia Earharts in peacetime, why not female Richthofens in war?

THE END

ROOSEVELT
LIBERTY'S ELEC

A Revealing Poll of National Sentiment

Landon Supporters) Indicate Repub

by DON

READING TIME

COMPILED from data supplied by 5,145 American newspaper editors, Liberty's third annual political poll indicates that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the candidate most likely to win the Presidency on November 3. Landon can still win, but he will have an uphill battle. Most states in the doubtful column show a leaning to Landon.

Should the general Democratic trend continue, the Democratic Party will achieve its fourth straight victory in the Congressional elections.

Tapping newspapermen whose sources of political information surpass those of any other group, giving them a guaranty they could write in confidence, the poll shows that the American press is supporting Governor Landon, but that some of the editors themselves believe President Roosevelt will win.

In the mass they predict as follows:

1. Mr. Roosevelt will receive a minimum of 269 electoral votes—three more than he needs to win, and a number that may be increased by Roosevelt victories in any one of four doubtful states.
2. The Democrats will win 268 seats in the House of Representatives to 157 for the Republicans, 7 for the Progressives, and 3 for the Farmer-Laborites.
3. The Democrats will win 20 of the fall's 36 senatorial elections—giving them 67 seats in the Senate to 27 for the Republicans and 1 each for the Progressive and Farmer-Labor parties.

In the House the Republicans will recapture 54 seats lost in the landslides of 1932 and 1934, but despite this strong comeback the Democrats will still have a majority of 108. In the Senate the Republicans will pick up two more seats, but the Democrats will still have more than any party ever had in any Congress other than the one just adjourned. Incidentally, the indicated re-election of John Nance Garner will make the Texan the sixth Vice-President to succeed himself and the first west-of-the-Mississippi man to get two terms in that post.

This poll is probably the most comprehensive ever taken of newspaper opinion. There was no hand-picking of papers, no selection at all. Queries were sent *to every newspaper in the United States*—in all, 12,384 newspapers.

Each editor was asked who he thought would be elected President. About 400 editors turned this question down, leaving some 4,600 lined up as follows:

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democrat	2,875
Alfred M. Landon, Republican	1,814
William Lemke, Union	18
Norman Thomas, Socialist	0
Earl Browder, Communist	0

Disregarding the few supporting third-party candidates, we find that 1,940 of these newspapers are supporting Mr. Roosevelt to 2,302 supporting Mr. Landon.

This anomaly becomes even more apparent when allowance is made for the Southern press. Exclude the replies from the Solid South—where everything is Roosevelt—and we have 2,036 editors predicting a Roosevelt victory to 1,726 expecting a Landon win. Of these non-Southern newspapers 1,156 are supporting Roosevelt to 2,182 supporting Landon.

Next, each editor was asked, "Which Presidential candidate do you think will carry your state?" This question is the heart of the inquiry. Most of the editors know their own states backward and upside down, and this fact is the basis of this poll, just as it was of the Liberty poll which so exactly foretold the results of the Congressional 1934 elections.

The reports from each of the Southern states show disagreement only on the size of the Roosevelt pluralities. Not one of the Solid South's ten commonwealths is even debatable. Editor after editor replies, "Roosevelt." One editor observes that "the only thing North Carolinians fear is that the federal 'boodle' will stop." Another, that "people are not 100 per cent for the New Deal but they are for Roosevelt." An Alabama newspaperman writes that "scores do not even think Roosevelt is a Democrat but a Socialist, yet they are going to vote for him." Florida has been invaded by a host of Republicans from New England "but not enough to change things." The consensus is that Texas will give the Democratic ticket a plurality of from 500,000 to 750,000. In the South as a whole the estimates of nearly a thousand editors show a plurality of at least a million and a half. So these ten states seem certain to give Mr. Roosevelt 113 electoral votes.

Thus, needing 266 to win, he starts with 113. Now, the South is bounded by a belt of states generally Democratic. Yet Maryland is the home of the late Governor Ritchie, who battled the New Deal with almost literally his last breath. West Virginia is the native state of John W. Davis, who is anti-Roosevelt. Missouri, where the Landon candidacy was nursed under the wing of the Kansas City Star, has her Democratic Jim Reed crying a plague on F. D. R. Kentucky has its Landon affiliates, and Oklahoma is ripe with the Governor's oil friends.

ALL this piles up Landon votes but not, according to the editors, enough. They give Roosevelt Maryland as well as West Virginia. They give him Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, where they are betting 5 to 3 on Roosevelt carrying the state. And Oklahoma, where the Roosevelt victory is considered assured. In short, some 700 editors give Mr. Roosevelt the border's 64 electoral votes, which, with the South's, make 177.

The newspapermen do not expect him to get many in the prairie states. They see him losing Governor Landon's Kansas and John Hamilton's native Iowa—also Nebraska and South Dakota. But north of the Bad Lands, in the upper reaches of the Missouri, Mississippi, and Red rivers, they tell another story.

Here is the stronghold of American radicalism. Yet the editors minimize the importance of the Lemke-Coughlin party. They note that the President has the support of such left-wing senators as Nye, Benson, Shipstead, and La Follette and has the deathbed benediction of Governor Olson. They expect these to pull him through—to give him the 15 electoral votes of North Dakota and Minnesota.

This leaves Mr. Roosevelt with the job of picking up 74 electoral votes in the remaining 26 states. In California the editors are impressed by a Democratic registration some 600,000 higher than the Republican. Fifty of the state's fifty-eight counties are Democratic compared with eight in 1932. Senator Hiram Johnson is supporting Mr. Roosevelt and, short of a miracle, he cannot lose the state. The newspapermen also give him

or LANDON?
TION FORECAST

Returns from 5,145 Editors (the Majority
an Gains—but a Democratic Victory

HARTON

MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Washington and Oregon—making 35 electoral votes for Mr. Roosevelt on the Pacific Coast.

In the Rockies they think he will get about as many. From Montana one editor writes: "If you talked to bankers, substantial business men, influential elements, you would be convinced that the state would go Republican; but go down in overalls, hang around the pool parlors, listen to the lumberjacks, railroaders, hard-rock miners, common laborers, etc., and you will be convinced that Roosevelt will win. The one-horse business man is also Democratic." Such is the opinion of four out of five editors in the West. There are eleven states between the prairies and the Pacific. If the editors are to be believed (and in each state they cite local straw votes, registration figures, etc.), then all this is Roosevelt land. However, the Pacific and Rocky Mountain regions together have but 65 electoral votes. The editors put them all in the Roosevelt column, raising the total to 257.

Thus Mr. Roosevelt is within 9 votes of re-election. Now consider Wisconsin. It has 12 electoral votes. It is dominated by the La Follettes, who are pro-Roosevelt. Their Progressive Party can hardly fail to deliver when working in combination with the Democrats. Such is the opinion of the Wisconsin editors.

But what of Governor Landon? What states do the editors place in his column along with those four of the prairies? First, New England. Here in an area less than Oklahoma's are six states with 41 electoral votes. They are all Landon's. The editors show him carrying Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, also bringing Massachusetts and Rhode Island back into the G. O. P. fold. The 72 electoral votes Governor Landon draws from New England and the prairies will be increased, according to the editors, by 55 from the Eastern seaboard. Nineteen will come from Delaware and New Jersey; the 36 others will come from now disputed Pennsylvania. In Michigan, which up to 1932 had never broken from Republican ranks, the editors say Mr. Roosevelt will not do so well against Landon as he did against Hoover. If six out of seven editors are right, Michigan's 19 electoral votes will go to Landon and push his total up to 146.

	NEWSPAPERS REPLYING	ELECTORAL VOTE Roosevelt	Landon	In Doubt	SENATE D.	R.	I.	HOUSE D.	R.	I.
Ala.	76	11	..	..	2	0	0	9	0	0
Ariz.	25	3	..	..	2	0	0	1	0	0
Ark.	78	9	..	..	2	0	0	7	0	0
Calif.	204	22	..	..	1	1	0	12	8	0
Colo.	98	6	..	..	2	0	0	3	1	0
Conn.	21	..	8	..	2	0	0	2	4	0
Del.	7	..	3	..	0	2	0	0	1	0
Fla.	90	7	..	..	2	0	0	5	0	0
Ga.	109	12	..	..	2	0	0	10	0	0
Ida.	56	4	..	..	1	1	0	1	1	0
Ill.	279	..	..	29	2	0	0	14	13	0
Ind.	187	..	..	14	2	0	0	8	4	0
Ia.	275	..	11	..	1	1	0	4	5	0
Kan.	221	..	9	..	1	1	0	2	5	0
Ky.	105	11	..	..	2	0	0	8	1	0
La.	46	10	..	..	2	0	0	8	0	0
Me.*	26	..	5	..	0	2	0	0	3	0
Md.	40	8	..	..	2	0	0	5	1	0
Mass.	81	..	17	..	1	1	0	5	10	0
Mich.	149	..	19	..	0	2	0	5	12	0
Minn.	246	11	..	..	0	1	1	1	5	3
Miss.	53	9	..	..	2	0	0	7	0	0
Mo.	239	15	..	..	2	0	0	11	2	0
Mont.	60	4	..	..	2	0	0	1	1	0
Neb.	181	..	7	..	1	1	0	3	2	0
Nev.	14	3	..	..	2	0	0	1	0	0
N. H.	20	..	4	..	1	1	0	0	2	0
N. J.	85	..	16	..	1	1	0	4	10	0
N. M.	26	3	..	..	1	1	0	1	0	0
N. Y.	229	..	..	47	2	0	0	25	20	0
N. C.	92	13	..	..	2	0	0	11	0	0
N. D.	91	4	..	..	0	2	0	0	2	0
Ohio	186	..	..	26	2	0	0	11	13	0
Okla.	175	11	..	..	2	0	0	8	1	0
Ore.	71	5	..	..	0	2	0	1	2	0
Pa.	182	..	36	..	1	1	0	15	19	0
R. I.	6	..	4	..	1	1	0	0	2	0
S. C.	41	8	..	..	2	0	0	6	0	0
S. D.	126	..	4	..	0	2	0	1	1	0
Tenn.	78	11	..	..	2	0	0	9	0	0
Tex.	315	23	..	..	2	0	0	21	0	0
Utah	19	4	..	..	2	0	0	2	0	0
Vt.	23	..	3	..	0	2	0	0	1	0
Va.	75	11	..	..	2	0	0	9	0	0
Wash.	93	8	..	..	2	0	0	4	2	0
W. Va.	82	8	..	..	2	0	0	4	2	0
Wis.	131	12	..	..	1	0	1	2	1	7
Wyo.	33	3	..	..	1	1	0	1	0	0
	5,145	269	146	116	67	27	2	268	157	10

*The figures for Maine's Congressional delegation show the results of her September elections.

Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio are all in the class with New York—too doubtful to estimate. But however the campaign goes in these four states, the replies from more than 5,000 newspapermen indicate this much: New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana will *not* decide the Presidential election. If Mr. Roosevelt loses out in all four he will still win, 269 to 262. If he wins all four, his vote in the electoral college will be 385 to 146—a landslide.

However, even if the newspapermen are wrong and the country gets a Republican President, it will not get a Republican Congress. The Senate will be Democratic anyhow. Of its 96 seats no less than 47 are held by Democrats whose terms do not expire until 1939 or 1941. Of the 36 senatorships to be contested this November exactly 11 are in the Solid South. So the new Senate will have an absolute minimum of 58 Democrats.

In addition, the editors indicate that the Democratic Party will elect senators in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Oklahoma, Illinois, Iowa, Montana, Colorado, and New Mexico—67 seats in all. The indicated Republican total is 27, of which 11 are Republican holdovers, 13 are Republicans succeeding either themselves or party colleagues, and 3 are Republicans capturing what are now Democratic seats.

The state-by-state returns show the Republican Party gaining 54 seats in the House but still falling short of a majority. True, they show the Republicans stopping further gains by the Democrats for the first time since 1928. If the data are correct the Republicans will pick up seats in twenty-five states and in all regions except the South. The largest gain is indicated in Pennsylvania, where the Republican delegation will be increased by eight. Of the indicated Democratic losses the heaviest will come in the Great Lakes region.

The significant thing, however, is not the Democratic loss since 1934 but the Democratic gain since 1930. They have gained in each of the country's eight sections. They have taken the lead in five and almost tied in a sixth—whereas after 1930 they led only in the South and the border states around it. If the Democratic victories this fall are actually so abundant, then Mr. Roosevelt will emerge as the first Democratic President to turn his party into a truly national one.

THE END

Tragedy Strikes, and a Gallant Girl Bares a Hopeless Love—A Chapter of New Thrills in a Swift, Exciting Novel of Rodeo Days and Nights

PART FOUR—A KISS AND A CONFESSION

STANDING beside Hugh Branders on the station platform, Patsy took the telegram he handed her. Without a word she tore open the envelope.

ACCIDENT GABRIEL BADLY HURT PERHAPS YOU COULD HELP MEET ME PITTSBURGH STATION IN MORNING REGARDS
CHANCE

She read it twice through. Her hands passed over her face and she stood dazed. She felt Branders shaking her gently; his voice reached her through a thick haze. She looked up into his face, and was shaken by the tenderness and concern she found there. Suddenly she leaned against him, her face pressed in the folds of his soft damp coat. " My horse! " she sobbed dryly. " You don't know —him and me's growed up together. Hugh, he's done for! Chance wouldn't send no message like that if there was any hope."

His arms held her close, his lips unable to find words for his thoughts. She was hit by grief as in the loss of a friend. Presently she'd realize that without her pony she was as good as out of the show.

The noises of the station pressed into their consciousness. Automatically Patsy straightened up.

" The train is leaving," Hugh Branders said sharply.

She caught hold of his arm. " When do we reach Pittsburgh? "

" Pretty early in the morning."

She nodded, and at his gesture followed him back to the Pullman. This time they entered another car, and unquestioning she followed Branders down the aisle.

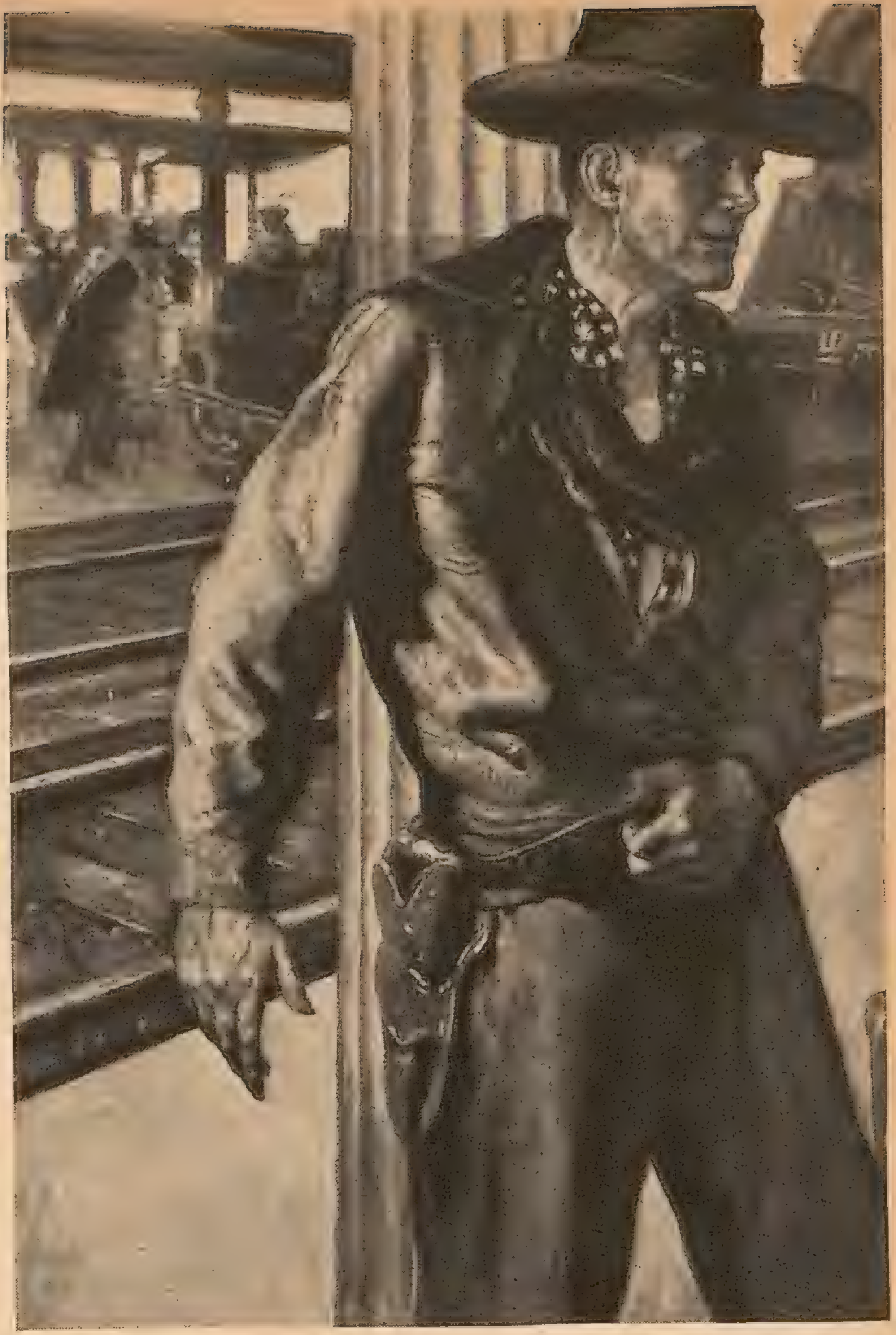
He held open the door of what seemed to her, through her tears, to be the tiniest room she had ever seen.

" This is my compartment; we'll be private here."

He took hold of her cold hands and drew her down beside him on his made-up berth. He fumbled frantically for something to say, and realized that words were the least of Patsy's world. Every half-inch of her shabby little figure, her knotted fists, her pitiful straw hat moved him disturbingly. He wanted desperately to laugh off her troubles, to buy her way out of them; yet he felt as removed as a pair of rubbers on a clear day.

" I just—can't—believe it," she whimpered wearily. " Gabriel was the best friend I had in the world, I guess. That little pony was just part of my life. Even if he lives, I won't be able to ride him in the big show."

Her voice broke, and before he quite realized it Hugh's arm was around her, drawing her close. If his lips stretched into a grimace that was half smile and half a twitch of pity, Patsy could not see. All she knew was that some one held her close, and his clothes smelled clean, wholesome, steady. A hand took off the hat that until then she hadn't realized pressed on her temple, and a warm strong palm smoothed back her hair. A voice at her ear crooned words of comfort. A voice that seemed to savvy, and that was all that mattered. She straightened up and with the handkerchief he handed her wiped her face.



Patsy straightened like a whip. Her eyes flared. "You speak up and tell me," she commanded. "I ain't askin' more questions."

" Listen, Patsy," he said coaxingly. " I'll buy you a horse."

She shook her head.

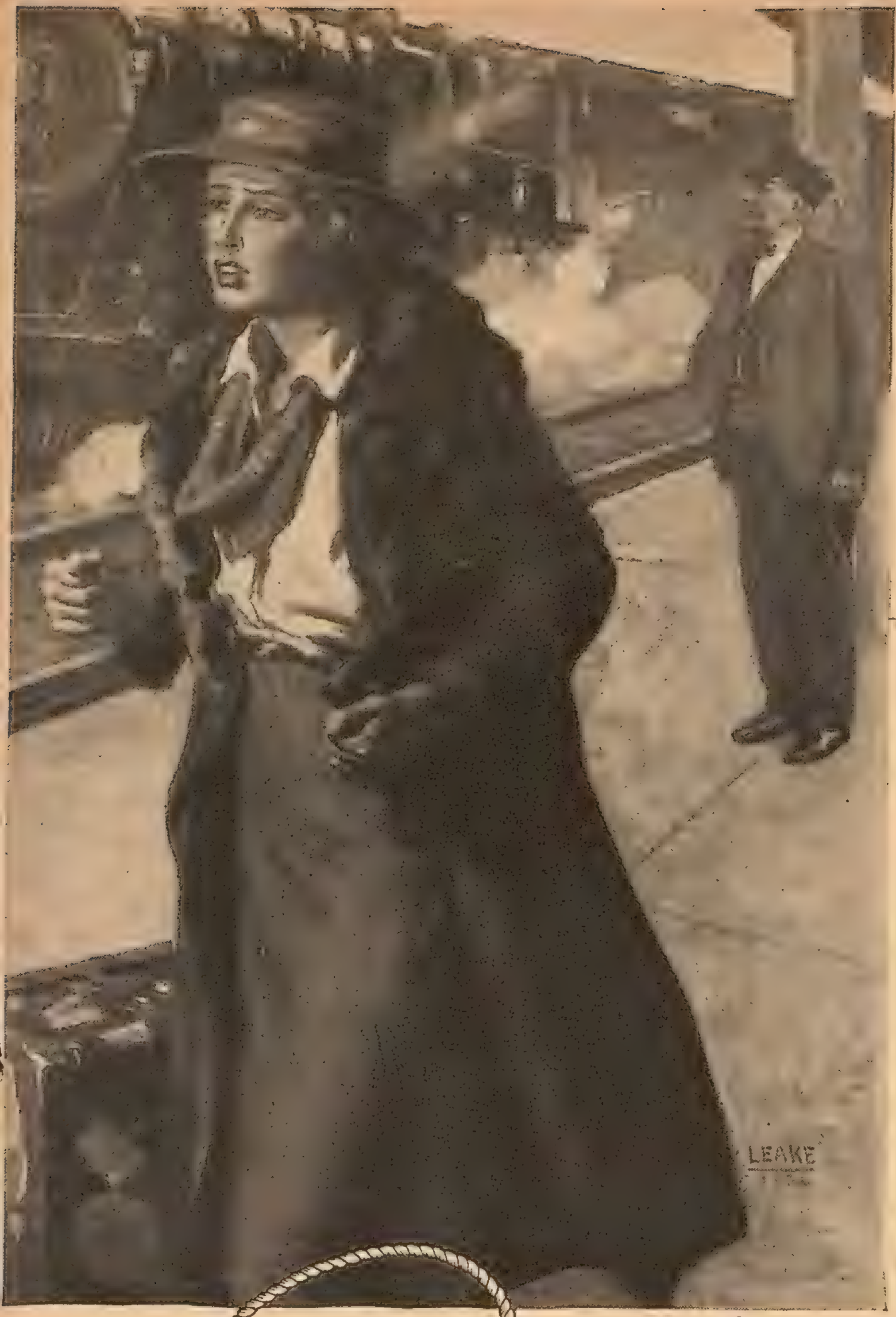
" I didn't suppose that was much of a suggestion." He shrugged. " You wouldn't have time to get used to him before the show opened."

" No. I could train it—a good one. But there's no use your offerin'. I owe more dollars than I got hairs in my head. I'm quittin' borrowin' right now."

" Look here, Patsy," Branders said quietly. " When I had nothing, people did for me. I've never been in trouble yet that some one didn't help me out. I make it a rule to do the same thing for others in trouble, whenever it's in my power."

She stood, swayed by the movement of the car, and weighed his sincerity. " All right," she said stubbornly. " I'll ride in that show, if I ride an ice-wagon plug. I won't allow to be disappointed."

" That's the spirit." He stood up as if closing a deal. " As soon as I get to New York, I'll get a line on the right kind for you. If you find one, let me know. You



What Has Gone Before

PATSY WYDE is up against it. Her home ranch is plastered with debts; her brother, Dusty, has gone to ride in rodeos; and Chance Wagner, a wild young neighbor, has gone off, too, to join Colonel Manger's big-time show as a rider. Patsy is crazy about Chance, though he has left in disgrace, suspected of being the father of Edith Frickstader's baby. He has never given any sign of returning Patsy's love, but she can't forget him and clings to her faith in him. She makes a resolve: with her adored horse she will leave home, take up rodeoing, and earn enough to save the ranch.

Eventually she, Dusty, and Chance are all a part of Colonel Manger's great rodeo. From Indianapolis the show treks eastward, with Chance traveling alone, but pulling Patsy's horse, Gabriel, behind him in a trailer, while Patsy and Dusty travel in a special train along with a hilarious crowd of cowboys and cowgirls. In that bunch are Gail Parker, girl champion bronc rider; Mildred Graham, rich but tawdry little blonde whom Dusty has fallen for; Mildred's fiancé, Hector Ryon, the publicity man; and Hugh Branders, a New Yorker of charm and distinction.

The cowboys think Hugh an affected Eastern dude, but he meets their razzing with quick comebacks and humor. Patsy likes him. She admires his culture and what she calls his savvy. He tells her candidly why he's there. It's to protect Mildred from her own foolishness for the sake of her father, who had been his guardian. He proposes to take on a second job: that of guide and adviser to Patsy in New York.

At Dayton, Patsy and Hugh step off the train for coffee and a breath of air. On the platform a messenger is calling Patsy's name. He has a telegram for her. Hugh signs for it. The grim expression on his face is one of portended tragedy.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Riding High

by DORA MACY

Author of Ex-Mistress and Public Sweetheart Number One

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

get off at Pittsburgh, and keep in touch with me."

She nodded and managed a full, dauntless smile. "I'll pay you back someway," she said huskily. "See if I don't. Now I got to find Dusty and tell him. Where is that Mildred's bunkroom?"

She followed his lead into the adjoining car; but at the door of the compartment she plucked at Hugh's sleeve. "I don't want to go in there," she whispered shyly. "Just ask Dusty to come out and talk with me."

She waited on the platform, as Hugh suggested, for what seemed to be an endless time. When at last the car door opened, it was Hugh and not her brother who confronted her.

Patsy waited, knowing questions were useless.

"He's—er—" Hugh cleared his throat and tried again. The figure before him allowed no pretense. "Listen, Patsy. Your brother and Hector Ryon had a little run-in. Hector had been drinking pretty heavily and—"

"Is Dusty hurt?"

"Not badly. Hit his head against some emergency box in the room there. Thrown up against it in the brawl. Nothing at all. Hector has a swell nosebleed, but he thinks he came off on top, so he's in a high mood."

Patsy turned away from him wearily. "All over that Mildred!"

"Yes. Score one for Mildred."

"Well—where is Dusty?"

"There's no use trying to talk to him. He's—er—sound asleep."

"Nobody never knocked Dusty out!" Patsy flared.

"Not with a blow, no," Hugh agreed, and lit a cigarette. "But when he got hit, they gave him some whisky."

"You mean—Dusty's *drunk?*"

Hugh blew a chestful of smoke against the rushing wind of the train. Like a streak Patsy pushed past him, fumbling with the doorknob. "I'll kill them!" she exploded.

His hand on hers surprised her with its strength. It twisted her around with astonishingly little effort.

"Don't be a damn fool," he said softly. "They didn't appreciate that he never drinks. They were panicked. They didn't mean to get him drunk—they gave him medicine and he passed out."

She leaned closer, straining to look up at Hugh. His voice and manner were authoritative, sensible, and weighty. "Guess you're right," she admitted reluctantly. "We Wydes is no match for them, are we?"

"No. No match at all."

She sighed. "You're sure he's all right?"

"Sure. When he gets his big mouth closed, I'll let you see him. Right now he'd deafen you with his snores."

She straightened up resolutely and folded her arms.

"O. K.," she said bitterly. "I told him what would happen. Everybody told him. I told him if he didn't drop Mildred I was through. And I *am* through. Let him learn to drink. Let him learn all their tricks. I'll get off at Pittsburgh, whether he likes it or not. Tell him for me, when he comes to, that his sister's out on her own from now on!"

"Listen, honey," Hugh coaxed. "You're all upset. I want you to come back to my compartment and get some rest. I'll be comfortable in the smoking car. I'll call you in plenty of time. If you don't rest, Patsy, you'll crack. You can take a look at Dusty before you get off at Pittsburgh, and I'll explain everything to him."

For the first time, her hand closed on his. Even in the jerky light of the platform, her tired smile was more uplifting to Hugh than any killing he had yet made on the market. His blood ran in double-quick time.

"For a dude," Patsy said softly, "you're the nearest to a pardner I ever heard tell."

Hugh bent forward and kissed her. It was the first man's kiss Patsy had ever known, and the possessiveness of his lips unbalanced her. For one instant a dizzying exultation washed over her, and, if she was unaware to what degree she responded, Hugh was not likely to forget.

The car door opened and a conductor cleared his throat energetically. He bent by the lanterns in one corner and smiled to himself as Hugh and Patsy went hand in hand into the car. But he was mildly puzzled later, in checking through, to find Hugh dozing in a green seat outside his own compartment door.

AT quarter of nine in the morning Patsy climbed off the train at the Pittsburgh platform, and at the same instant she saw Chance. He looked dejected.

He started toward her, but at the sight of Hugh Branders he stopped short, eying Hugh narrowly as Branders ordered a porter to take the luggage and spoke his last-moment farewells to Patsy.

"I won't get off," Hugh told her in a confidential tone. "You go ahead. And don't worry about Dusty. Good luck, sweet—see you in New York."

He was gone then, back into the car, and Patsy turned to Chance. If she expected a greeting she was shockingly disappointed. His black eyes flashed her a raging look. Sore because he'd seen her with the dude! He stopped to exchange greetings with those of the rodeo crowd who were neither too overtired nor overliquored to enjoy twenty minutes in the station. She heard them telling Chance of Dusty's being bested by Hector Ryon. She started toward Chance then, answering absent-mindedly the brief salutes she got from the others.

Gail Parker got off the train with an air of a crusader. Straight into the group she marched, with no word for any one but Chance, whom she speared with a jabbing eye.

"Wanna see you," she snapped. Chance nodded and together he and Gail walked to one end of the platform to talk.

Patsy stood miserably alone by her bag, watching Chance and Gail and wondering. There were signals for traintime, and one by one the cowboys hastened back. Presently Gail left Chance and ran to the nearest car. With a mighty hurrah about it, the train urged itself into action. The cars wheeled past, gathering speed, and Patsy looked across at Chance. His black hat was tipped at a fighting angle. He hitched his belt in that slow deliberate way of his and started toward her. He was angry. And because he had no right to be angry, Patsy felt equally inflamed. He was tired, too. She saw as he came close the deep stamp of weariness on his firm hard face, the fatigue in his slouching walk.

The train had gone; the smoke cleared. Loiterers and officials around the station were disappearing.

"What's the matter with you, Chance?" she demanded.

"Plenty."

SHE felt suddenly timid, remembering the stories of his raw wildness. Perhaps he was not entirely the romantic, lonely, misunderstood figure she had imagined him back home. She didn't want to be afraid of him. She was alone here with him in a strange city, alone with him from now to New York, however far that might be. Then she recalled why she was here with him.

"Where is Gabriel?" she asked thinly.

Some of the anger faded from his hot black eyes and glum misery spread over his whole face.

"I—I had to shoot him. 'Bout two this morning. There wasn't no two ways about it, Patsy."

She turned away from him—looking down the long tracks that gleamed bitterly in the sun. She was a kid when dad had given her Gabriel as her own. Together she and Gabriel had worked through the years, growing along in strength and knowledge. Together they had roamed the silent stately mountains.

She smelled cigarette smoke and turned back to Chance.

"Where is he?" she demanded huskily.

Chance made a noise of exasperation. "Guess he's a breakfast at the zoo right now," he said harshly. "That quiet your mind any?"

Patsy straightened like a whip. Her eyes flared and her hands fisted by her sides. Even in her shabby clothes, there was something suddenly splendid about her that made Chance blink. "I'm sorry," he said.

But Patsy was not so easily appeased. "You speak up and tell me," she commanded. "I ain't askin' more questions."

"There's nothin' to tell. Just an accident, is all. Skidded on the road out of Springfield. Wet and mud. Went hurling. Up ag'inst a telegraph pole." His eyes met hers with a guilty air, and finding accusation, he flared up again. "I wasn't drunk, if that's what you're thinkin'."

"What's that mark on your face?"

"Huh—I was in a little fight in Springfield. It ain't nothin'."

"And you wasn't drunk!" she said witheringly.

They glared at each other. With a violent movement, Chance flung his cigarette on the platform.

"Bigod, I feel as bad as you do about it!" he said. "Maybe I had a hang-over. But a man can skid in the rain when he's cold sober. I did everything I could to save your pony. Worked hours on the road, and I ain't slept all night. I wish it had been my hoss. It was just rotten luck."

Looking at Chance, she thought suddenly of Hugh Branders and the gentle courtesy and consideration for which she had no name but which she instinctively knew was the all that gave graciousness to a rocky world. The thought irritated her, making her feel disloyal to her own—to Chance, to Dusty, and to those who were bluntly and unaffectedly themselves.

"Well, where do we go and what do we do?" she asked in a clear steady voice.

Chance looked at her. He knew she had finished with the matter as a man would. There would be no more questions, no further references. He smiled lamely.

"My car's here. Guess we hit for New York," he said, and stooped for her bag. "Got any money, Patsy?"

"About two dollars. Dusty wasn't in no way to be explained to. Where's the bank roll you had?"

"Crap game." Chance nodded grimly. "Come on; we'll make it, but we don't eat much."

She followed him through the station and four blocks of the busy crowded streets. As Chance loaded her bag into the car, Patsy glanced at the trailer in which stood Stinger, the famous black that was as much a part of the figure Chance always cut as his black Stetson. The trailer was crudely patched and showed plainly that it had whammed into something in the accident. Beside Stinger's saddle hung her own outfit: bridle, saddle, blanket, and blinders which Gabriel had worn. The sight of them brought quiet tears.

Chance, watching her, felt his jaw tighten. He wanted to put his arms around the forlorn little figure now and tell her that somehow, someway, life wouldn't always be such tough going. He stepped back nervously, but she paid no attention to his movement. Her mind was off somewhere with memories of Gabriel. Chance eyed her shyly a moment. Then he reached out and plucked her arm. "Kid, I'll get you a horse someway. Soon as we hit New York. Leave it to me."

She shook him off irritably. "You! Broke as a washroom mirror!"

"Patsy, I ain't in no state for your temper."

"*You* ain't in no state! What about *me?* My horse is dead! My brother's knocked out. And you—the only friend I might of counted on—you been fightin' and drinkin' and gamblin' away your money in crap games! Well, I'll tell you something. From now on I'm managin' myself. And I'll win what I set out to win from hell to breakfast. You just see if you can get me to New York."

His eyes were reproachful, his face was haggard. He seemed like a lost child. It shocked Patsy that he had no retort to her outburst. She considered him thoughtfully. "You look awful tired, Chance. Let me drive awhile."

Her tone restored some of his spirit.

"You couldn't never handle this traffic. Get in and let's get rollin'. Let you spell me later."

OBEDIENTLY she slipped in beside him. In silence he started the car and threaded through the busy streets. Patsy looked about, bewildered, and wondered if New York were like this noisy hurried place. Glancing at Chance, she became conscious of a taunting dangerous mood. "You sure look mighty fresh," he observed with rank sarcasm which she decided to ignore.

For several blocks he drove, his mouth working in barely controlled temper. "Got a swell sleep, I hear!" he snapped as they were halted in a line on a bridge.

"Didn't sleep much," she murmured, puzzled.

"Wasn't Branders's fault if you didn't, huh?"

"Look where you're goin'! If that's what Gail had to tell you, she sure's got nothin' to do."

"You went out in the station in Dayton with him, didn't you? Left the crowd. Well, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"So then you didn't go back, did you? You went to his bunk and slept there. Is that the right of it?"

"I tried to sleep."

Chance clamped his big foot on the brake and the car slowed up like a slap in the face. Behind them hoofs pounded on the trailer boards and Stinger voiced a frightened protest.

"You tryin' to kill your own horse too?" Patsy said quietly. "As for me, money or no money, I can walk to New York."

"Yeah? You could walk right into trouble. So sappy innocent, it's a laugh. I ought to take Dusty's dumb head and break it into two or three pieces for him. You sleepin' in a dude's bunk. Trinity!"

"I was alone. He sat up outside. Or didn't Gail bother to tell you that?"

"She told me. I can picture her tryin' to tell the others, too. They'll snort in her face. Every last tongue in that car knows by now where you spent the night."

For some time Chance gave his attention to the tortuous hills. Not until they were on open road did he stir. Then

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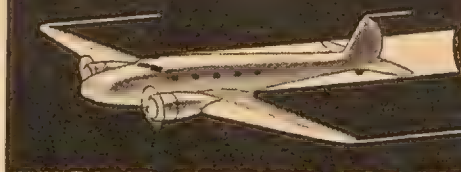

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he glanced at her, and his black eyes glowed. "I'll tell you something for your own good. He sits up outside your door this time. He won't next time."

"All men ain't women chasers like you."

"The hell they ain't!"

"No they ain't. And I ain't such a fool as you think. Neither you or Dusty's got to overwork what little machinery you got under your hats to take care of me."

"You don't say! Well, lemme tell you a few things. I know you from way back. You think you been out in the country shows last year and you know somethin'. You think you can bust into big shows and buck up against the crowd. You're crazy! You may be a damn fine rider. But as a girl you ain't born yet. You're an uncurried rangy mountain mare that ain't even had her tail pulled hock length. You got an awful lot of things to learn, and none of them is nice. Years ago I told you to stay on the ranch. Why the hell didn't you stay there?" His voice had risen to a note of violence.

Patsy leaned back against the seat. Her lips set firmly together and she fixed her will on keeping them closed. She had long ago learned to meet dad's rages with utter silence. It seemed to her that Chance was getting worse every time she saw him, and she tried to figure why. She stole a troubled glance at his set profile. Chance was conscious of her questioning look, but he drove steadily, his eyes on the road. His criticism of her echoed uncomfortably in the little car. He wished she would speak; her face was white and expressionless and her eyes were hurt. The silence grew to be more than he could take. He pulled over to the edge of a dilapidated field. Deliberately he lit a cigarette.

"Patsy, look at me, can't you? I shouldn't of yelled at you. I just don't want you should make a prize fool of yourself, is all," he explained, and then realized his clumsiness. "Aw, rats! I don't know how to explain it. But if Dusty can't keep you in the saddle, I can."

"And why, Chance?" she asked softly. "What's it matter to you?"

His eyes sharpened suspiciously. Then a slow knowing smile curved his lips. "Now wait," he protested. "None of that."

"None of what?"

He eyed her squarely. "You got a lot of funny ideas about me," he said slowly. "That's right, ain't it? You're soft about me. Might as well face it."

"Yes."

"Well, it don't go. I ain't no bit of good. I've tried to make it plain."

"You needn't try—'cause I don't believe it."

HE smiled at her pityingly.

"I love you, Chance." Her voice was calm, her little face uptilted as if to take a blow. "I always have."

Around his eyes tiny muscles twitched. The smile faded from his lips and she saw in his face all that she had known to be there—deep inarticulate loneliness.

"No," he said quietly. "No, you don't, kid. You been years feelin' sorry for me. We're like to see each other pretty much the next couple of months. Time me and you got things straight, don't you think?"

"Yes."

"Well, you've guessed a whole lot. You think you savvy. But you don't know half how rotten my old man is. That's in me too somewhere, and I know it. I'll be the first to snipe myself off if I find a trace of him comin' out in me. I've swored that."

She put her hand on his arm. "Chance, the last time you runned off—because of the Frickstader girl—was it—your dad?"

He nodded.

"I thought so." Patsy sighed. "The girl was such a dimwit nobody paid no mark to whatever she said. When you lit out, it settled the matter in everybody's mind. What did you take the rap for?"

"I dunno," Chance mumbled unhappily. "I've covered up for him lots of times. Never can figure why I do it. Maybe it's because my sisters got no other place and somehow it's their home. Maybe it ain't that either. It's bad enough to know yourself your old man is a louse without the whole world knowin' it for sure."

He sat up irritably. "That ain't the point," he snapped. "I don't never talk like this. I won't again. I just want to get things clear between you and I. Because I ain't marryin' the best woman in the world. My blood ain't nothin' to base a family on. If it comes to speakin' the truth, there's nothin' quite foul enough to say about my own dad."

He turned abruptly back to the wheel, started the car.

"Did it ever strike you," Patsy asked him, "that people got parents in jail, hung, and lots of other things? And that they go on and make a life for themselves?"

"Sure. I'm makin' a life of my own. It's a nice life. I like it."

"But where's it leadin'?"

Chance grinned and pointed to the road ahead. "When I get to that hill, I take it," he explained.

PATSY sighed. "You're the one makes a prize fool of hisself, Chance."

"Yeah. But that's my business. The less you think about it, the better for us both."

"It don't matter, then?"

"What?"

"What I just told you."

"Nope."

He managed to turn after a bit and smile at her.

"Because, kid, some day you're goin' to find yourself a great guy. You rate a great guy. Not just a roper in a rodeo."

"But, Chance—"

"I'm tellin' you, Patsy. You're high on my books, and I'd do most anythin' for you. But so help me God, if I started to fall serious for you, I'd take the next boat to Australia. Now is that plain?"

"Very plain."

"All right. But if anythin' I say means a rathole to you, you'll quit the dudes and stay with your own kind."

"Chance, you have a lot of wrong ideas. Hugh was real good to me. He—"

"Hugh! You're callin' him Hugh!"

"That's his name," she snapped curtly.

"So Hugh was real good to you, was he?"

"He sure was. He promised to get me a horse someway in New York, and—"

"He *what?*" Chance turned on her, his face hawklike with abuse. "Since when does horses grow in the East? Who in blazes asked him to get a horse? I guess Dusty and me can get you a horse, if we have to steal one."

"I guess you'll have to, then," Patsy said calmly. "We ain't got a cent. Neither have you."

"I can get money. You won't take no horse from him—not if I know it."

"You got nothin' to say about it. You live your life and it's none of my business. All right. I'll do the same."

Quite deliberately Chance began to whistle. His manner made it clear that Patsy could talk as long and as loud as she pleased, but that Chance knew what he thought and what he intended to do.

"Just plain ig'orance!" Patsy continued, thoroughly roused. "Sitting judgment on a man you don't know. He's as fine a person as I ever met. He's civilized."

"Nice word," Chance interrupted his tune long enough to admire. "Did he learn it to you?"

"Both you and Dusty could learn a few things from him too."

"How's for a little chuck? I'm kinda empty."

She nodded and he slowed down by a roadside stand.

"Gimme your two dollars," he grinned. "We'll get a real feed. We may hit New York about midnight. But we're apt to have the mismeal cramps before we get to town. I got about eight bucks, and gas to get."

He was fishing in his pockets now, counting silver. Patsy opened her Indian leather purse. She sat speechless and stared. Directly on top were crisp bright bills. She picked them up gingerly. Five tens. Her hand went to her mouth; she turned fearfully to face Chance.

Chance is not the man to take such a discovery calmly. What does he say—and what does he do? You'll learn in next week's tautly dramatic installment.

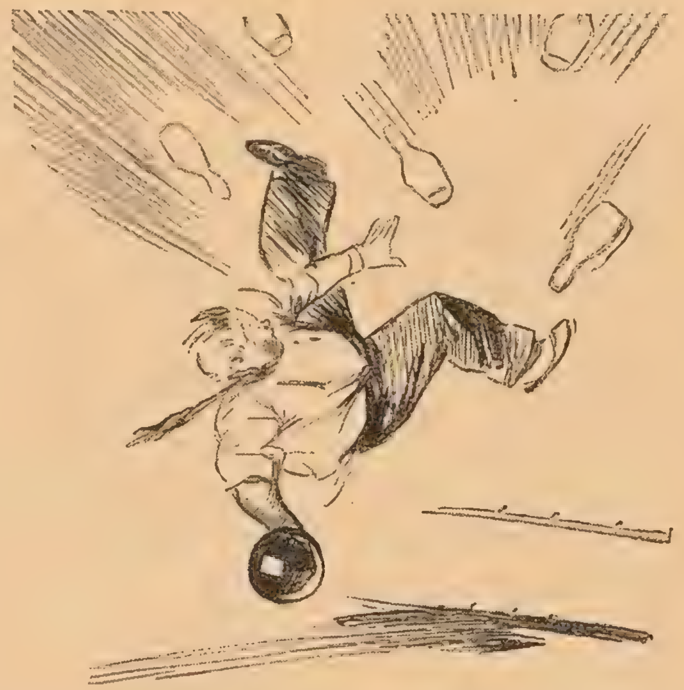
Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

Falls and a Faucet—Westward Ho-Hoing—All That Goes Up Doesn't Come Down

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MONDAY: *En route to California.* Up in gay fettle, reminding my dear wife that thirty years ago in this beautiful city of Niagara Falls we had had our first honeymoon breakfast. So, like sentimental fools, we did order the identical repast, but when I did open the eggs I did remark that I was sure they must be the very same ones. So out to see the Falls, a sight which caused my poor wife to worry for fear she had left the kitchen faucet on in the apartment, and she did fret so much about it that I was finally forced to send a telegram collect to Mr. O'Toole the janitor, saying that if the faucet were turned off I knew he would be so pleased that he wouldn't object to paying for the wire, and that if it were still on he surely wouldn't mind another soaking.



Unable to let go of the bowling ball, I did roll myself down the alley, making a ten-strike.

So wending our way westward in the Covered Wagon we did pass through Buffalo, and whilst stopping at a gas station I did ask the attendant jocosely if there were still buffaloes and Indians roaming the streets, to which he did reply that there were indeed lots of them and that for a dollar he would show me both. But when I did hand him the bill he did show me nothing but a buffalo nickel, a prank which seemed to give my wife amusement.

TUESDAY: Up betimes and westward ho-hoing, as I said to my wife with a hearty laugh, till we came upon a sign which read, "Ye Olde Iron Tea Kettle," and I did suggest to my wife that perchance she might feel like ye olde grubbe, and she did agree heartily, adding that she could also use ye olde rest roome. So we did enter the premises and a lady whom I took to be ye olde proprietress did serve us with sandwiches and weak tea, for which she did charge two dollars, whereupon I did inform her that she should change the name of her dump to Ye Olde Robber's Cave, and my wife, to my surprise, added, "Ye said a mouthful!"

WEDNESDAY: Up with the chickens, on over hill and dale, and finally into Cleveland to look up a cousin Clyde of my wife's whom she hadn't seen in many years, and we did find him a fine fellow indeed with a fine supply of Scotch, and when he and his wife did invite us to stay over for a day or so, my wife was loath to tarry, but I did persuade her that this was a case of family bonds and therefore a duty, to which she did retort that she suspected it was a case of bonded Scotch.

THURSDAY: Up to a late breakfast and so out to see the sights of the city, and I did make remark to cousin Clyde that never had I seen so many beautiful taverns and that it certainly must have been a Cleveland housewife who wrote that song, Ohio Miss You Tonight! And he did tell me the story of the gentleman who told the lady, "Liquor makes you beautiful. In fact, the more I drink the more beautifuller you get!" causing me to laugh so heartily that my foot did slip off the bar rail and into a brass cuspidor which, despite my frantic efforts, I could not dislodge.

So, it being too late for any machine shop to be open where I could have the receptacle removed, I did wrap my lower leg completely in bandages and did inform my wife upon our arrival home that I had the gout.

FRIDAY: Awoke with a start, having dreamed that I had caught my foot in a bear trap only to realize that it was the cuspidor, and so out with cousin Clyde to a shop where a gentleman with steel cutters did cure my gout.

So to a publick to celebrate my speedy recovery and thence home for dinner, my dear wife expressing great surprise at my having rid myself of the gout so quickly. But I did inform her that cousin Clyde's doctor was a specialist in such diseases and had made some amazing cures.

Thence with cousin Clyde to his bowling club where we did make merry and did imbibe many flagons of old ale, and I did break the club record when, unable to let go of the bowling ball, I did roll myself down the alley, making a ten-strike. But my pleasure was short-lived, as I found myself unable to remove my thumb from the ball, cousin Clyde remarking that it looked like I'd have to have another attack of the gout.

So home, after wrapping my arm in bandages, and my poor wife greatly alarmed, so much so that she was about to summon cousin Clyde's doctor when the bowling ball did suddenly loose itself both from my thumb and the bandaging and did drop upon her poor foot.

So to bed, my wife informing me in no uncertain terms that on the morrow we would resume our journey.

SATURDAY: Up betimes and journeying on the open road until nightfall, when we did stop at a quaint arbored cottage called "Wicket Rest," but we did get little sleep owing to the hardness of the beds, and I did make comment to my wife that there was no rest for the wicket.

SUNDAY: Up heavy-eyed, and after a "Wicket" breakfast we did take to the road again, stopping at noon at a gas station where I did drive the Covered Wagon upon a platform and did ask the attendant to change our oil. Whereupon he did press a button and we did find ourselves suddenly rising high in the air, causing my poor wife to nigh swoon with fright, the more so when something happened to the machinery and the man was unable to lower us to the ground. So whiled away the afternoon sitting in our own car fifteen feet above sea level, but, as I made remark to my dear wife, the view was wonderful, the air devoid of dust, and we saved considerably on gas.

On and on, though luck be fair or foul—and it's mostly foul. Mr. Dunkle will tell more in an early issue.

THE *Stray Dogs* OF IRENE CASTLE

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

LOOK into the heart of any human being—yours, or mine, or your next-door neighbor's—and you'll find a tender spot for animals. A stray puppy or a hungry kitten can bowl over a hard-boiled business man who is used to saying "no" to the biggest men in town.

It's a common failing—this irresistible impulse to let a small creature in distress tug at the emotions.

My particular weakness is for stray dogs. That, perhaps, is why I find myself today running Orphans of the Storm, a dog shelter which gathers in more than eight thousand dogs a year and finds new homes for hundreds of them.

I'd be a freak of nature if I didn't love dogs. Born into a home overrun with dogs, they were my first friends. My father, Hubert T. Foote, bred wire-haired and Manchester terriers. There were never less than seventy-five dogs in our kennels when my sister and I were growing up, and we were taught dog etiquette long before we learned anything of social etiquette.

Only once did I make the mistake of admitting that a dog had bitten me.

"And what were you doing to the dog?" father glowered. A dog doesn't bite unless he's been teased. In our canine home the unwritten rule was "the dog is always right."

The first time a stray dog followed me home there was consternation in the Foote household. You can imagine the electric atmosphere when a forlorn-looking mongrel trotted into a home where pure racial strains prevailed. But father couldn't resist a dog, no matter of what doubtful heritage. He let me take "Lemons" to the Connecticut farm where I spent my summers.

Lemons lived on the farm all year round. But each year I earned the money for her license by mowing the lawn, making beds, or running errands. In the pang of that moment when Lemons and I had to say good-by, my present role of champion to stray dogs was foreshadowed. Some day I would grow up and have as many stray dogs as I wanted! You know what it's like—the urge to take care of the helpless. It leads you into adopting everything—children, dogs, cats, sick friends and relatives.

Luckily I met Vernon Castle, a man who couldn't resist a stray dog either. When two people with the same affliction marry, you can imagine the troubles they let themselves in for!

Vernon and I were young and hard up, but our hotel room, our apartment, whatever we called home, was always a shelter for as many dogs as it would hold. We couldn't pass a pet shop without finding another mouth to feed. Toy poodle or great Dane—if it had that "nobody wants me" look, we bought it and took it home.

Our "Castle Walk" dancing days were exciting but precarious. We were trying to buy a house on the "dollar down and dollar a minute" basis, which kept us broke. When we neared our last dollar, we'd sign up for vaudeville. But at the end of a few weeks' tour we came home with three or four rescued performing animals, instead of any negotiable medium of exchange.

Then came the war and Vernon's enlistment and death, when as a pilot-instructor he crashed his own plane to avoid collision with another. The world turned topsy-turvy.

It was not until 1923 that life began to reshape itself for me. In November of that year I married Frederic McLaughlin and for the first time since my childhood settled down in one spot. And now at last I had an opportunity to make good my promise to Lemons. I would have all the stray dogs that I wanted.

In the city in which we lived—Chicago—thirty-four thousand stray dogs a year are picked off the streets, combed out of alleys, quarries, and vacated houses. I couldn't have picked a better spot for my proposed enterprise.

I wrote friends and dog lovers, proposing Orphans of the Storm. The results of this appeal were annual pledges totaling twenty-five hundred dollars. From this small beginning have grown kennels which yearly collect eight thousand dogs. Many of these eight thousand are mercifully and painlessly put to death. But in the nine years of our existence we have placed six thousand dogs in homes. Our annual budget runs over sixteen thousand dollars.

People say, "Why do you help dogs when there are so many people who need help?" You can't help dogs without helping people. It's hard to tell, sometimes, who benefits more in our cases of adoption—the dog or the new owner.

A dog can change the whole atmosphere of a home or remake human beings. Charlie M., for instance, was a sullen child, unfriendly and unresponsive. His parents were stern people, overly ambitious for this only child. Rigid discipline and too much solitude had stunted Charlie's spirit and subdued all spontaneity. A schoolteacher brought Charlie to the shelter.

Charlie's indifference fell away when confronted with the tail-wagging eloquence of a mutt called Ginger. Ginger was the ugliest dog we have ever had in the kennels. But he knows how to win human beings. It was love at first sight between those two.

A month later one of our investigators visited their home and found Mrs. M. romping on the lawn with Charlie and dog! Charlie was a changed boy. Mrs. M. was a different woman. And Ginger was cock of the walk!

One of our workers, Viola Larsen, makes friends with the slum children. They love and trust her. They report cases of stranded or abused dogs, and often bring their own pets to her when food is scarce at home.

Famous people fall for a cuddlesome mutt as readily as do unsung youngsters from the slums. Helen

The Dancing Toast of a Glamorous Yesterday Tells of Her "Orphans of the Storm"—8,000 of Them a Year!

by IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN

as told to
ELEANOR KING

Irene Castle and one of her prize pets.

Hayes was beguiled by a curly-haired poodle of sorts—"Duke's Mixture" she christened him. The Duke now lives in the Hayes-MacArthur household on the Hudson, the adoring playmate of little Mary MacArthur.

Alexander Woollcott came one day to visit the shelter. Now, every one knows that Mr. Woollcott is a pushover for dogs. There's hardly a person who listens on the radio or reads books who doesn't know his story of Verdun Belle, the mongrel bitch who followed a Yankee doughboy through the war.

Our Nellie was akin to Verdun Belle in the faithfulness of her dog's heart, so it was only natural that when Mr. Woollcott heard her story and made her personal acquaintance, he should mention her in his broadcast.

Nellie had led her blind master through the maze of city traffic for years until the day when a hit-run driver knocked him down. She stood over his helpless body until help came. It was hard for her to understand why she was barred from the ambulance that came to take him away. She got panicky. Her master would be lost in a dark world if she was not on hand to guide him. She raced behind the ambulance to the hospital. Outside she waited dumbly, patiently, all that night; all the next day. And when he died, she followed him to the morgue, where they take bodies of the homeless and friendless.

Days and days of waiting, but the beloved voice did not call "Nellie. Here, girl." She was disconsolate. She was sick.

A kind man offered her a dish of hamburger, but she was scarcely aware of it. She couldn't eat. Her whole being was concentrated on that moment when her master should appear and she could lead him home. But the moment never came.

A reporter telephoned us: "Something will have to be done about Nellie." We sent for her. She was a sweet-faced miniature collie—in whelp. By the time her family troubles were over, she had distemper. This often happens when a dog is pining or homesick. We coaxed her through distemper (so much depended on her own desire to live). Gradually she came back to health. But her spirit still longed for her master. It took a long time for her loyal heart to forget. Now she has not one master but four. It took a family with four children who adopted her to win her to new loyalties.

The exercise yards at Orphans of the Storm.

As the result of the Woollcott broadcast we are still receiving inquiries from people about Nellie and Orphans of the Storm.

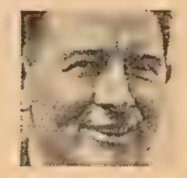
Humanitarians are of two points of view about stray dogs. One group believes every dog should be allowed to live out its life, however disabled or incapacitated. This seems unkind to me. No dog is really happy without a master. A shelter such as ours is only a way station, a steppingstone to something better. A dog doesn't feel that he is a "pal" when he's merely one of a hundred other dogs. If a home and master cannot be found for him, then the kindest thing to do is to put him to sleep.

How can a dog be put to death painlessly? We use barbital, a sleeping drug. Mixed with the doomed dog's evening meal, it puts him quietly to sleep. He is unconscious the next morning, when a chloroform cone is placed over his nose. This method eliminates any apprehension of death. If he is put in a gas chamber, the most common method of destruction, he knows something is up—he is terrified at the strangeness of it. Chloroform injected into the heart makes for a painful death. Morphine makes a dog sick. An electric collar is brutal.

A lot of people think they love dogs until they start taking care of them. I worked at the shelter every day except Sundays when we were getting it under way. I took temperatures, washed out sticky eyes, removed burrs and dead coat, greased ailing skins, spent hours making up with timid and vicious dogs, exercised dogs on a leash if they showed a tendency to jump fences, and interviewed adopters. Now, of course, I spend less time at the shelter because I'm drawn into

With winter coming you may feel this need

The need for building up your general resistance!



The *worst* months of winter are still ahead! Newer facts show that discomforts which are prevalent now, reach a peak in January and February! That's when there is *least* chance to escape them.

The reserve forces you stored up during the summer are likely to be exhausted by now. You may have been getting too little exercise, rest, and sunshine—lowering your general *resistance* day by day.

The sensible thing is to organize yourself in *advance*. Do all you can, while you're still well, to build good general resistance! Why not start now with *Adex?*

Adex supplies you with Vitamin A, the factor which contributes *more than any other single vitamin* to good general resistance.

Adex also furnishes Vitamin D, obtained from sunshine in summer, but often needed from another source at this season. The vitamins in Adex come from known natural sources, such as good cod liver oil and halibut liver oil.

Don't put off starting with Adex. Take it regularly *every day*. Have a bottle on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

You can get Adex in easy-to-take tablets or capsules at any reliable drug store. Prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

dog fights in San Francisco, Baltimore, Madison, Detroit, and other cities. There is always a plea to be made, some place, for the homeless pooch.

If you want to make the lot of the stray mutt endurable, there are plenty of things you can do. Take an interest in your local pound. Visit it. See if the dogs are well treated. See if they have water. Does a vet ever visit them? Are dogs kept long enough for their owners to find them? Are they segregated so that well dogs do not catch distemper? How much is the dogcatcher paid? If he's paid *by the dog,* look out for graft; he'll seize your pet because he, or some politician higher up, needs cash.

Enlist the aid of the local newspaper to publicize the work done by your Humane Society. A Minneapolis newspaper carried a front-page story about an injured chow and her puppies. Five people sent in donations for the veterinarian's fee. Hundreds of people came to the Humane Society to adopt the puppies. Everybody had become puppy-minded. The five chows were not enough to go around, so many other waifs whose wagging tails and eager eyes were an eloquent plea for affection found loving parents that day.

In Philadelphia, when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had a number of dogs destined for the lethal chamber, one newspaper ran a strip of pictures across a page one morning showing nine dogs. By three o'clock that afternoon, 193 people had applied for the nine pets. They came in person, they telephoned, they wired, they sent special delivery letters. Offers of homes came from all over the state, and from New Jersey too.

And if you love dogs, take care of your own. Perhaps that sounds captious. But there are many loving dog owners who mistreat their pets unconsciously. Choose a small dog if he is to live in an apartment. Collies, great Danes, and police dogs need room to run and romp.

EXERCISE him daily. Keep him brushed and combed. A bath once a month is enough. A puppy should not be bathed until he is three months old. The coat should be thoroughly dry before the dog is allowed out of doors. Brush his teeth. A salt-water or sodium-bicarbonate solution will help dissolve and prevent tartar. Nails should be kept short.

Never tie him up at the end of a short rope. If he must be kept on a leash, attach it to a trolley, so that he'll be able to have a good run.

Improper sleeping quarters lead to arthritis, rheumatism, and other bone and joint disorders. Make a soft but substantial bed for him, free from drafts. If he sleeps in the cellar, build a platform for his bed six or eight inches off the floor. If he sleeps in a kennel be sure it is insulated.

The principal diet of an adult dog should be meat—raw or cooked. His anatomical construction calls for the feeding of foods free from excessive bulk. Good chopped meat for dogs costs twenty cents a pound; if you can't afford it, give up your dog. Chicken bones are dangerous. They sometimes puncture the intestines.

Many dogs are spoiled by indulgent masters who feed them titbits from the table. No matter how cunning or cute he is when he begs, don't throw him scraps.

Above all, see that his pan of water is always full and clean.

Train your dog not to chase cars. Automobile accidents bereave many dog owners.

Call the vet when you don't know what's wrong with your dog. Don't ask the butcher or your next-door neighbor for advice.

PRACTICE a little dog etiquette yourself. Approach him fearlessly but never hurriedly or noisily. Never take a dish away until he has completely lost interest in it. Never remove a bone or ball forcibly from his mouth. Walk carefully around a sleeping dog without stepping on him or startling him.

If you want to help control the number of stray dogs that are wandering the streets, destroy all unwanted puppies at birth. Keep one or two puppies to comfort and nurse the mother. Wipe out the others immediately—don't wait until they are a few months old and have formed attachments and a desire to live.

What is our shelter like? The interior of our main building has wired pens on either side of a center aisle. On one side are single compartments. On the opposite side, compartments that will hold four or five medium-sized dogs. Drinking pans are semicircular and hook on to the wall so the dogs do not walk in them or tip them over.

All new arrivals go into the observation ward. Most dogs are quarantined for ten days in order to detect distemper or other illness.

It costs us about six cents a day to feed a dog well. Mature dogs get one meal a day. Nursing mothers get two or three feedings. Puppies, naturally, get as many as four meals a day, depending upon their age.

One last word of warning—if you indulge your weakness for strays, you can be sure the contagion will spread to the rest of the family. My young daughter came in late from school the other day, accompanied by a filthy white poodle. She looked at me innocently:

"Look what's followed me home, mother!"

Yes, followed by invitation, I thought. I remembered another little girl who had come home once upon a time followed by a mongrel whom she had coaxed along with pats and whistles and bits from a chocolate bar.

We've washed the poodle and named him Lemons. There's nothing so insidious as the "dog nobody wants."

THE END

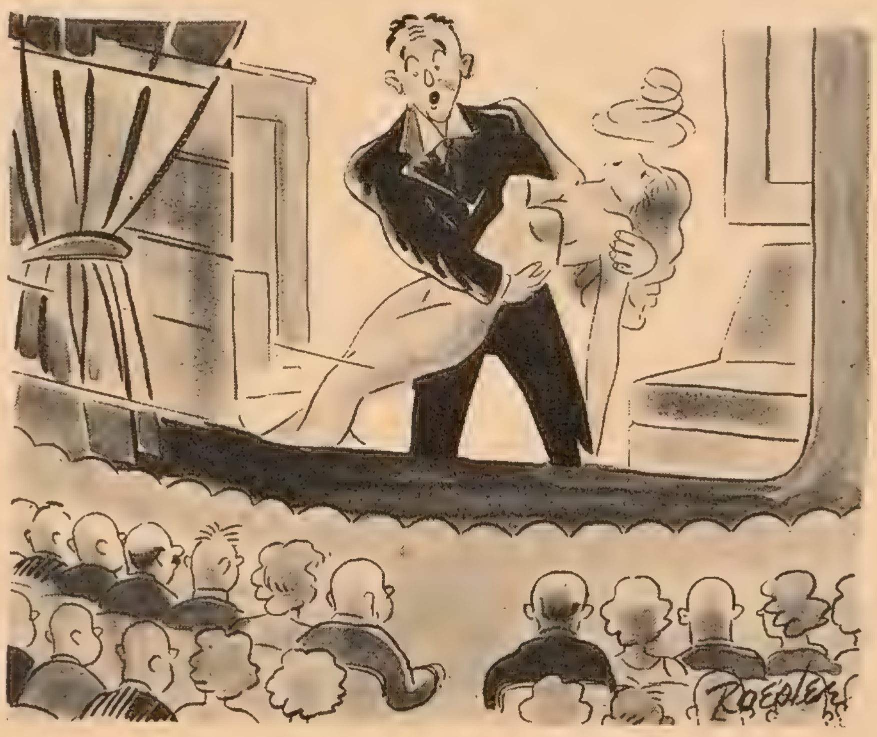
The Man Who Forgot How to Play

Mr. Lewis's Study of Lost Youth Is Shrewdly Played on the Screen . . . Another Ex-Best-Seller Introduces a New Personality, and Mr. Menjou Emerges Again as a Farceur

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR



"Is there a doctor in the house?"

★ ★ ★ ½ DODSWORTH

THE PLAYERS: Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Mary Astor, David Niven, Gregory Gaye, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, Odette Myrtil, Kathryn Marlowe, John Payne, Spring Byington, Harlan Briggs, Charles Halton. From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Screen play by Sidney Howard. Directed by William Wyler. Produced by•Samuel Goldwyn.

THIS is Sinclair Lewis's study of a tired American business man, a colossus of cars. The scoundrel of the piece is lost youth, a dangerous fellow even around a millionaire's snug little mansion.

Sam Dodsworth has been so busy making money that he has come under the domination of his flighty selfish wife. So he lets himself be persuaded to retire from business, that the two may go to Europe, play, and assimilate culture.

Sam, of course, finds that he doesn't know how to play, has no taste for foreign ways. And, worse yet, his wife grows grotesque even in his eyes as she frantically pursues her vanities.

Samuel Goldwyn's tasteful, conscientious production of Mr. Lewis's novel catches all the pathetic trivialities of Fran Dodsworth's mad efforts to taste life, and all the bitterness of Sam Dodsworth's disillusionments. Walter Huston plays Sam simply and humanly, making him a rugged thinker in terms of millions when he isn't petulant over a lost blotter. Ruth Chatterton contributes one of the best performances of her career as the wife who is frightened of getting old.

Mary Astor has never been better in pictures than as the other woman who comes to Sam with comprehension and understanding. Miss Astor made these scenes at the very height of her recent unpleasant court experiences. Perhaps you will catch—as we fancied we did—an unforgettable look in the Astor eyes.

We ask you to watch Gregory Gaye as a young Austrian with whom Fran Dodsworth tries to find romance. And we give a special award to Maria Ouspenskaya, who played the same role in the Broadway stage production with Mr. Huston, as the boy's mother. William Wyler's direction is both restrained and admirable.

VITAL STATISTICS: Unlike 90 per cent of Hollywood younger leading men, fifty-two-year-old Walt Huston the Rugged uses no false front of hair. Darling of the make-uppers, his grease paint's but an occasional dab of powder. Played staged Dodsworth two years on Broadway, one on road. Can play role with hands tied behind back, he claims. After finishing Dodsworth, he retired, typically, to mountain fastness to do his autobiog on order and give Othello the once-over for New York staging under aegis of brother-in-law Rob Edmond Jones, noted colorist. Huston started from a good Toronto, Ontario, home when he was eighteen and has been hamming ever since, halting but once or twice to be city engineer and light man in St. Louis. Fixes all his own faulty plumbing, carpentering, lighting; is not profligate with his comfortable fortune; has put in fifteen years in vodvil; his wife played Mary Astor's part on stage; is crazy about his fans and admits it. . . . Ruthie Chatterton had hardest part of her career, appearing in every scene from first day to week before picture finished shooting. Fought remnants of cold throughout with warm lemonade after every take, but was grounded from beloved flying by insurance regulations. Ruthie was called Mike when a tomboy; she still likes to hamburger around amusement piers and flick popcorn at unsuspecting passers-by. . . . Director Will Wyler plays violin, and you can see him grinding away in Viennese waltz café scene with his nose almost in camera. He ate all the pastry in the French rest'rant scenes. . . . Mary Astor had toughest assignment of her eighty-picture career, making almost all her scenes during days she was appearing nights in court for custody of her little Marylin Thorpe. Guarded forcefully from newshawks, Ruth Chatterton stuck by her side in and out of court and Mary (really Lilian Langhanke) never looked better in her life. Hollywood studios are now fighting to get her services. . . . Gregory Gaye, as the young Baron, isn't Austrian but is Russian, getting the Russian air when he was a White Army lieut, Reds obliging. Came to Hollywood via a job in a Chinese sewer-pipe factory, then salmon-fished in Alaska. First movie job was extraing, after which he played in an Elinor Glynner robed only in a tigerskin. . . . Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, who wears a monocle offscreen, broke her vow never to enter Hollywood film dens again, but only after Goldwyn assured her she could play the Baroness exactly as she'd done it on stage two years. Tiny, excitable, Ouspenskaya has an accent as thick as Russian borsch, conducts a summer dramatic school in which she teaches the art of acting à la Strogonoff, may succumb to Hollywood again, and was being called "Babe" by fellow workers before she finished Dodsworth, being likable. . . . Paul Lukas's wife was in Budapest during this and he was completely desolated. . . . With consent of British government, studio made Queen Mary's deck ventilators round instead of square; latter not considered sufficiently pictorial.

★ ★ ★ ½ VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE

THE PLAYERS: Gladys George, Arline Judge, John Howard, Dudley Digges, Harry Carey, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt, John Wray, William Collier, Sr., Hattie McDaniels, Lew Payton, Maude Eburne, Grady Sutton, Janet Young. From the novel by Barry Benefield. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Produced by Paramount Pictures.

DISTINCTLY a woman's picture—maybe even another Stella Dallas.

Second point of interest: it introduces a new personality to films, Gladys George, who has been tapping at the door of opportunity for a long time until she scored last year in a Broadway play, Personal Appearance.

This Barry Benefield novel was a best-seller of a year or so ago. Mr. Benefield wrote of a bad woman in a small Southern town, a Dixie Sadie Thompson, who gave up her easy ways when two orphaned children fell into her keeping. Indeed, the little boy and the girl were such an inspiration that Carrie went on to a legitimate business success. There is far more to the Benefield study—the film runs close to two hours—but you must sob your own way through it.

Carrie's early derelictions are dodged neatly in a way

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KATHANODE
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to suit even Czar Hays. Behind the high board fence that surrounds her little house, Carrie tends her flowers when she isn't playing the victrola. Her worst visible indiscretions are a black negligee and a straight Scotch.

Miss George will win you as the ex-careless Carrie here as definitely as Belle Bennett won you in Stella Dallas. Our only complaint against this panorama of ★★★★ valiancy is its length. And it *is* long.

You will like Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt as the children who bring about Carrie Snyder's regeneration. And you will probably like them grown up as done by John Howard and Arline Judge. Wesley Ruggles's direction is sympathetic, even if it wanders a bit.

VITAL STATISTICS: Gladys George was born Clare of English theater folk stock-trouping in Patten, Maine. At three she was hoisted on to the Poli Stock stage at Waterbury, Connecticut, as Little Tommy in Back Among the Home Folks, and till she was fourteen she played little this-and-that, not excluding Little Eva. At fifteen she was on B'way in the chorus. Then she made The Better 'Ole. Then Thomas Ince snatched her to Hollywood to feature or co-star in a lot of old silents. The year 1920 she spent in a hospital nursing severe burns; and in 1934 she slipped on a New York sidewalk, bust her pretty nose; met the late Hal Skelly; nursed said nose but kept playing her eternal stock; got a break from Skelly that led her into one B'way show after another that led directly into the lead of Personal Appearance, which ran for 698 performances, or 85 weeks—62 on B'way. Then Wes Ruggles rediscovered her for Carrie. During this time she also managed three marriages: (*a*) 8 years ('22-'30) to Ben Erwat, her leading man in stock; (*b*) 1 year ('33-34) to moneyed papermaker Ed Fowler; and now (*c*) for all time to Leonard Penn, beauty-aid maker and pianist, artist, student. . . . Charlene Wyatt was picked for Lady out of 250, something about her ability to laugh, cry at will, and be natural all the time getting the talent scouts. Charlene's paw drives an L. A. baking wagon and may never have to worry again. Charlene's maw stayed away from Charlene on the set, wanting her to make good on her six-year-old own and not have to be babied. Which she didn't! . . . Jackie Moran was discovered by Mary Pickford when she was barnstorming Chicago last year. Jackie's been featured in ads as an all-American boy. He has trilled in choirs; he was mascot of the Chi Cubs last year; he lost no time digging up old-time ballplayers among Carrie stage propshofers. Microphone boom fell on Jackie's conk during this, rendered painful but no serious injury; but, though tears streamed down her face, Mrs. Moran let doctors administer first aid and didn't budge herself an inch. . . . Dudley Digges had to climb out of constricting painful Chink make-up and foot-binding into jaw grass in this—but liked it. Dud's planning an Abbey Street Players of Hollywood like Dublin's! . . . Arline Judge had some pretty torrid lines to read to John Howard and grew a tetch embarrassed to render them before her husband Megger Ruggles, but immediately after finishing Carrie announced her impending splitting from him. They've been married long enough to have Charles, aged three and a half, and a nevvy to the funny actor. Arline's invariably cast for Kute Kollegeiates but knows no alma mammy. . . . Phi Beta Kappaist John Howard wants it to be known he hates intellectual girls and that's why he's been seen a lot with Anne Shirley! . . . Screen-playwright Claude Binyon is one of Hollywood's few one-man writing teams. . . . Is screen censorship letting up?

★ ★ WIVES NEVER KNOW

THE PLAYERS: Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, Adolphe Menjou, Vivienne Osborne, Claude Gillingwater, Fay Holden. Screen play by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. From a story by Keene Thompson. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Produced by Paramount.

CONSTRUCTED on a tried and true farce formula, this must have looked hilarious on paper. And it is fairly amusing on the screen, thanks chiefly to Adolphe Menjou, who is fast becoming our favorite farceur. Here Adolphe plays a monocled author whose favorite thesis is the menacing monotony of marriage.

When he invades the life of a happy horticulturist and his wife, things begin to happen. Hubby goes out with a gay actress—and ensuing events very nearly wreck a placid fireside and a big business deal, a consolidation of petunia producers.

Menjou does neatly with the philosopher poseur. It isn't as good as his Shakespearean shouter who walks away with Sing, Baby, Sing in his nightie—but it is amusing. Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland make an ideal comedy married couple.

This will divert you—if your tastes are simple.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is number nine of the Boland-Ruggles Pangs of Matrimony Series and studio frankly admits eight of them resemble the ninth. They make good steady money, are inexpensive to produce, somewhere around $250,000, and so far the public has not clamored for a change of plot. They'll next do Too Young to Die. . . . Mrs. Adolphe Verree Teasdale Menjou was originally slated to play opposite husb Adolphe, but she took sick again and Vivienne Osborne got the part. This is Viv's second crack at Hollywood, she having stormed it in 1931, doing so-so. Viv's staged it and played everything from cultured South Sea maidens to uncultured French miladies. . . . Adolphe Menjou studied Spanish by tutor all through this, being a language nut, anxious to top his tavern-keeping dad's mastery of nine diff tongues. . . . Fay Holden on legit stage was Gaby Fay. She's married to David, brother of Andy, Clyde; has been thirty-two years on stage but this is her first contract. . . . Claude Gillingwater is one of the tallest actors in Hollywood. His first stage appearance thrilled him most. Plays about twenty pictures a year. Made B'way stage debut in Zaza with Mrs. Leslie Carter, but insists he's not old enough to have played original Hamlet at the Globe Theatre. Writes and paints for diversion, despite age keeps in the pink. . . . Director Elliott Nugent gave his wife Norma Lee a bit in this as a secretary because he wanted to be boss for once! . . . There's that man Arthur Housman drunk again. He gets drunk to keep Ruggles and Boland from getting drunk; says it's terrible that he's been drunk on the screen thirty-seven times in a row without letup, and it's almost enough to drive him to drink.

★ ★ EAST MEETS WEST

THE PLAYERS: George Arliss, Lucie Mannheim, Godfrey Tearle, Romney Brent, Ballard Berkeley, Ronald Ward, Norma Varden, John Laurie, O. B. Clarence, Campbell Gullan, Eliot Makeham, Peter Gawthorne. Screen play by Edwin Greenwood. Directed by Herbert Mason. Produced by Gaumont-British.

DOUBTLESS you remember George Arliss as the suave lord of the Himalayas in The Green Goddess. Here Mr. Arliss plays another poised potentate of the East, shrewd and sinister.

He is the Rajah of Rungay, a tiny Oriental nation in the path of Great Britain and another nation mysteriously unidentified. Both powers want treaties, and the rajah, needing money, plays the two against each other to his own profit, even taking advantage of his own Oxford-educated son's infatuation for the wife of an English officer. To the rajah everything is a pawn in the game of politics.

Mr. Arliss gives a misleading vitality to the plot's mechanical motivations, for he makes the rajah an inscrutable, shrewd student of Western weaknesses. Lucie Mannheim plays the foreign wife who attracts the crown prince, and she has moments of suggesting various screen charmers of the past. The rest of the acting is just passable. But who cares? There's Mr. Arliss.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Arliss took elocution as a lad, and advises against it—says speaking too beautifully is as bad as speaking too slovenly. Never good at dialect and was once asked by Irish Players to use his natural voice instead of the psuedo-Irish brogue he was straining through his elocution. Just as he was about to get some position in English theater, he came to America with Mrs. Pat Campbell company, was made a star here, and didn't again appear on London stage for twenty years! First starring vehic was The Devil, and since there were no Hungarian-American copyright laws, two productions of it were going at same time, his winning. Usually played heavies at the start of his career and so Oriental trappings are not news for him. Has been everything, however, once America took him over. Wrote plays on the side and one of his farces called There and Back, though a sort of a flop when first produced, managed to be played steadily for fifteen years thereafter. Once, despite those knobs of joints, played a lover in pink tights and a tie-wig. Thinks bad lines should be read without embarrassment, as an audience hates a cringer. Has been in musical comedy but insists his voice is terrible. He got many of his characterizations from his father's Bloomsbury cronies, and has learned many of his acting tricks from others; admits latter. Is always ill on rough Atlantic crossings. Some say he'll never be happy till it's Sir George Arliss. Fell in love with Florence Montgomery's arms and married her after proposing in a rainstorm they were caught in. Though unhappy about part, he returned to England to do the Iron Duke for patriotic reasons. Is meticulous about researching his own parts, never trusting to studio fact finders for his information. Won't let anybody use his grease-paint pot on make-up kit. Works best on top floor of highest hotels, as robins or traffic on ground are always urging him to come out and join them. Is very brittle in talk, thorough in work, and likes to write. . . . Lucie Mannheim, well known to the German stage, is now in exile in London. She played a part in The 39 Steps and G-B expects to star her in the moviefied verzh of Molnar's Girl Unknown, now a Lunnon stage hit. . . . Ballard Berkeley is London born, world traveled; got his first big-time job with F. & A. Astaire in Stop Flirting. Once escaped death when Argentine don objected with a knife to his tangoing with his wife. . . . Romney Brent's an expatriate and likes London. . . . Picture made at Gaumont-British, London, only skyscraper studio in the world. Thanks to pea soup over England, British pictures must be made practically entirely indoors. Hollywood, on other hand, can usually reproduce England most faithfully in California outdoors! . . . Everything is double-checked for correct Indian costumes, and Arliss learned about a hundred ways of wrapping his turban on to his noble bean. Arliss has become a complete vegetarian. When he played King Neptune in Saved from the Sea, an early stage part, he had to make himself heard over crackle of hot potatoes and munching of fried fish his audience was enjoying at same time. . . . Hollywood sneers at London pictures, considering them in their infancy, yet Britain frequently puts one out that sets Hollywood back on its artistic ears. Meanwhile American filmagnates continue to pour money into British studios; British producers try to import our best writers to get Hollywood slant; our best writers are appalled by British technique, lack of Hollywood story sense; England censors our pictures (already Hollywood censored) more severely than we censor theirs.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January.

★★★—Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home.

Three- and Four-Star Books Recently Reviewed in Liberty

★ ★ ★ ★ **A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES; JOHN DAWN** by Robert Tristram Coffin; **FAIR COMPANY** by Doris Leslie; **WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT** by William Allen White.

★ ★ ★ **I'M FOR ROOSEVELT** by Joseph P. Kennedy; **LOST MORNING** by DuBose Heyward; **THE BALLAD OF THE HUNDRED DAYS** by Joseph Roth; **AFTER THE NEW DEAL, WHAT?** by Norman Thomas; **STEPS GOING DOWN** by John T. McIntyre.

THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS *by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **BIRD ALONE** by Seán O'Faoláin. The Viking Press.

A simple tale of an amorous Irelander ending his days a misfit—a bird alone. Seán O'Faoláin's characters are masterfully painted. His story is told in exquisite blending of keen humor and tragedy.

★ ★ ★ **PARAGUAYAN INTERLUDE** by C. W. Thurlow Craig. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Here, in this pungent and realistic autobiography of an English cowboy in Paraguay's Gran Chaco, is something closely approaching greatness.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—Bob Fitzsimmons.

2—Built by Henry VIII in 1515, the Great Harry was the most powerful of Tudor battleships.

3—Texas.

4—The sloth.

5—About −5° F.

6—Kate Smith.

7—The sturgeon.

8—Barratry.

9—At St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia.

10—Kipling. Adventures of the three privates were recounted in Soldiers Three.

11—All the wool clipped from one sheep.

12—Twenty-nine.

13—Grover Cleveland.

14—The discharge of a cannon; usually it is heard at a distance from two to five times greater.

15—Dr. Schuyler S. Wheeler, who in 1882 attached a propeller to the shaft of an electric motor.

16—The Orinoco.

17—Yes. Cain, Abel, and Seth, three sons, were born to Adam and Eve first, according to Genesis 4: 1, 2, 25, and then Genesis 5: 4 states: "And the days of Adam after he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years: and he begat sons and daughters."

18—Gaston B. Means, who, according to True Detective Mysteries, blackmailed President and Mrs. Harding for $150,000.

19—About a million.

20— Nathaniel Hawthorne

YOU CAN'T BOIL WATER OVER A MATCH

AND FOR THE SAME REASON YOU CAN'T HEAT YOUR CAR WITH A LUKEWARM HEATER

When Winter howls outside—you want a heater *inside* your car that takes full advantage of the hot water from your engine. The new Arvins do this—they are truly High-Temperature heaters. The huge radiator cores circulate hot water fast—give you full benefit of the heat. The continuous temperature control switch and full-turn circular deflector enable you to regulate the heat for every weather. And now for as little as $9.95, you can enjoy Arvin comfort. Arvins are sold by garages and service stations.

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PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

Mary Astor, Camilla and Carole, the Ineluctable Elaine . . . So the Story Ends—With a Question: What Next?

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD is great on parlor games, the most popular of which is *cherchez la femme.* So the moment Jack Barrymore left home, the town betook itself to its favorite pastime—without, to be fair, much success.

There was, of course, Mary Astor. Everybody remembered that Jack chose Mary for his leading lady in his picture, Don Juan. Many also remembered that, in spite of his alleged five hundred and forty-seven nights of consecutive calling on Dolores Costello, he had also found time to beau the glamorous Mary about the cinema town.

They didn't know then, as they suspect now as a result of the prominence since achieved by Miss Astor's diary, that the titian-tressed actress accorded him front-page prominence in the story of her loves.

"He is a scoundrel," she is supposed to have written, "but so sweet!"

Yes, there *was* Mary Astor—and the whole world now knows, or thinks it knows, that there was more in their friendship than the normal relationship of leading woman and star. If there wasn't, his critics ask, why should John have had another of his famous "seizures" and betaken himself to an undisclosed sanatorium when Mary's suit against her ex-husband, Dr. Thorpe, came to trial in Los Angeles last summer? At least, it may be assumed that, after thirty years, he was again afraid of being used, as he was in the notorious Thaw trial, as the alleged symbol of a young girl's past.

Even so, all this was "long ago and far away." If we take Miss Astor's diary as implicating Jack Barrymore when she described her "compleat man," we must also accept its testimony that her association with him, whatever it may have been, occurred prior to his marriage to the blonde Dolores. In fact, her husband is quoted as saying that the diary recorded in no uncertain terms her anguished feelings on the occasion of his betrothal to her successful rival.

"While I was waiting," she is said to have scribbled angrily, "to think that he was getting his work in on another!"

It is clear that the Mary Astor romance could hardly have been a factor, after seven years of apparently happy marriage, in the breaking up of his home.

Then, there was Camilla Horn. Remember Camilla? She was the very blonde little girl, hitherto and thereafter practically unknown to American movie audiences, who played with him in another of his early pictures. Because of the fact that she was so little known and was given so important a part, and also because of Barrymore's supposed fondness for the feminine young, it was assumed in many quarters that there was at least the making of a romance. The impression was enhanced by the way Jack—in the now famous manner of William Powell—seemed intent on helping the little girl along. But Barrymore himself dispelled all thoughts of romance by this possibly too frank description of his leading lady:

"Camilla is delightful—a lusty German girl with a big appetite. When she eats or starts to tell a joke, it lasts forever. She told one joke that lasted from Hollywood to Tuckahoe. The reason she looked so fragile in Faust was that Murnau put her in corners and made her think of sad things like virtue."

The same stories started again when he went over to Columbia to play in Twentieth Century with Carole Lombard. He was so generous to Carole in their scenes, and he succeeded in bringing out in her so many unsuspected comedy gifts, that people said it must be love.

But the truth of the matter is that Jack's good nature and generosity was due to the fact that he was in love with the play. He was back playing comedy again, and was having the time of his life.

"I have made several funny pictures recently," he said, "but none of the others were deliberately so."

Beyond the one faint echo of a seven-year-dead romantic interlude and the still fainter suggestion of sentimental reasons for professional kindness, Hollywood could find no evidence of a feminine influence contributing to Barrymore's sudden desire to lead his own life.

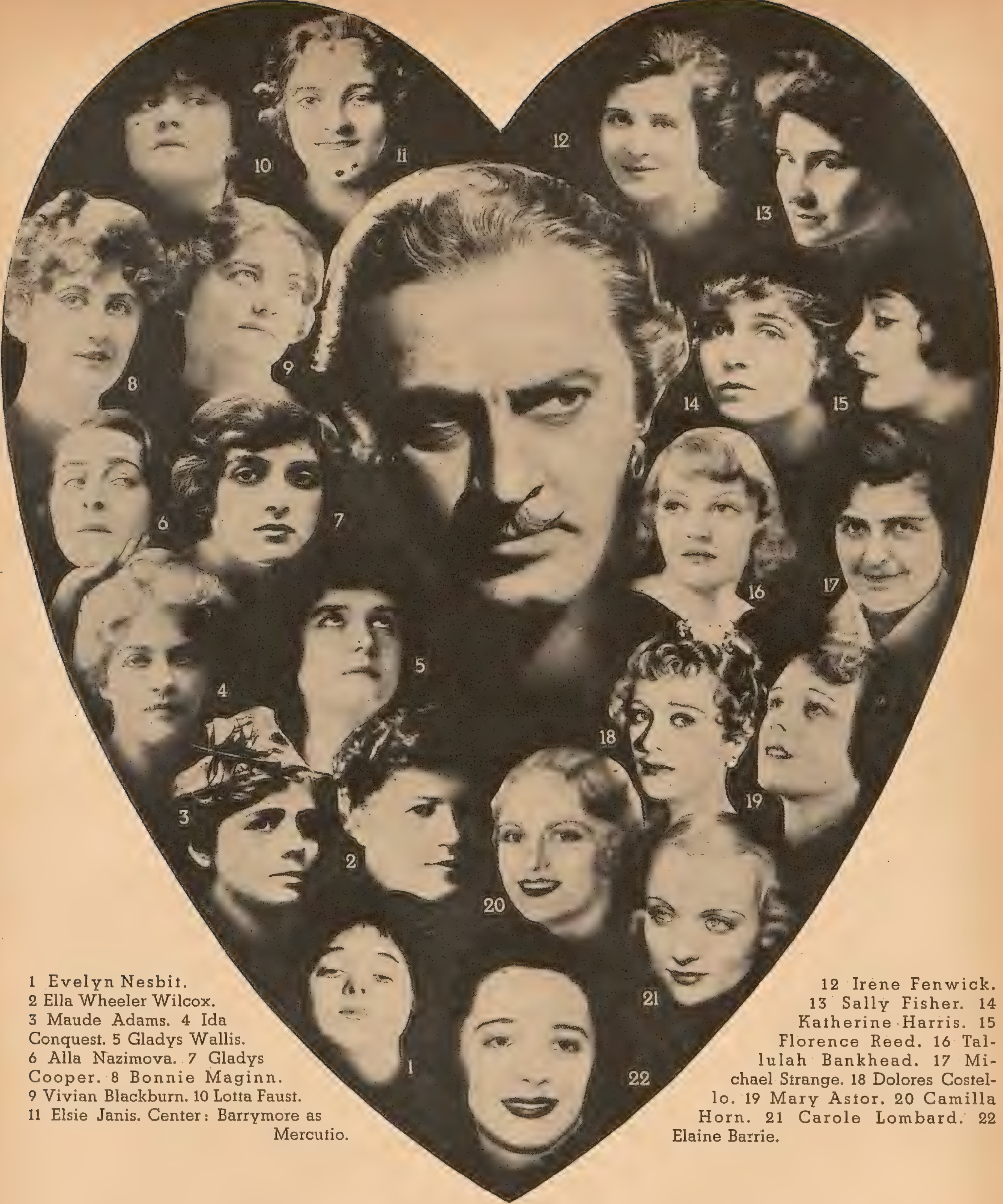
The cold specter of drink naturally reared its ugly head again. Barrymore, in spite of all his paeans about the virtues of domesticity, had reserved no permanent seat on the Hollywood water wagon. He still consumed his share of the Irish whisky and French champagne which have always been his favorite beverages. Still, for him, he had been a pretty good boy.

A much more likely reason, in the opinion of those who knew Jack's matrimonial history, was the fact that the seven years which he was accustomed to allot to his marriages were now up.

He had stayed married to his first wife seven years. He had stayed married to his second wife seven years. He had stayed married to his third wife seven years. So he went.

Another factor which may have contributed to his decision was that he was probably sick and tired of having his picture taken with a squalling infant in his arms, of being reported as shaking a rattle and cooing "Squeegy-weegy" at his son, or being referred to continually in the press as Papa Barrymore.

A sour note, too, came with the failure of his effort to make sister Ethel a successful movie star. Ethel hadn't been going so well of late. She had had two drab failures on Broadway. On the road, notably in Denver, she had



1 Evelyn Nesbit. 2 Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 3 Maude Adams. 4 Ida Conquest. 5 Gladys Wallis. 6 Alla Nazimova. 7 Gladys Cooper. 8 Bonnie Maginn. 9 Vivian Blackburn. 10 Lotta Faust. 11 Elsie Janis. Center: Barrymore as Mercutio.

12 Irene Fenwick. 13 Sally Fisher. 14 Katherine Harris. 15 Florence Reed. 16 Tallulah Bankhead. 17 Michael Strange. 18 Dolores Costello. 19 Mary Astor. 20 Camilla Horn. 21 Carole Lombard. 22 Elaine Barrie.

been accused of giving her public something less than her best performance. No longer the draw that she formerly had been, she had berated individuals, groups, whole communities for not coming to see her plays.

It was then that Jack had the big-brotherly idea. He and Lionel would persuade Ethel to come to Hollywood. Together the " three star-spangled children " would do a picture which should be the picture to top all pictures, the artistic and commercial triumph of their joint careers. Ethel's future would be assured.

He entered into the scheme with the enthusiasm of a twenty-year-old kid. When cautious movie magnates, fearful of the effect of so much Barrymore temperament all in one spot, were loath to take a chance, he promised:

" Gentlemen, I guarantee that you'll have no trouble. Let Ethel and Lionel act, and I'll just behave."

Sweeping everything before him, he got her the story she wanted: Rasputin and the Empress. He got her the director she wanted: Richard Boleslawski. He got her the cameraman he knew she should have: good old "Beauty Bill" Daniels, who had persuaded the world that Garbo was beautiful. He subordinated himself in a thankless rôle of the type he hates. And he behaved.

But Rasputin was not the success for which he had hoped. His own artistry was lost in uniforms; Lionel's in whiskers. The movie public, trained to expect their women young and small, seemed to feel that Ethel was too old and too statuesque to carry the feminine interest in a film. The profits which the picture might have made abroad were seriously impaired by a series of suits culminating in the biggest libel verdict of modern times.

Ethel beat a none too dignified and exceedingly voluble retreat. She refused to look at the picture; hasn't looked at it yet—says she hasn't had time. Speaking of Hollywood, she said: "The place hasn't been thought in. There is no sediment of thought there. It looks, it feels as though it had been invented by a Sixth Avenue peep-show man. Come to think of it, it probably was."

John tried to make a jest of it all. He tried to turn his sister's scorn of the screen into loyalty to the stage.

"Ethel," he said, "would no more abandon the theater than Queen Mary would give up the traditions and customs of the House of Windsor to become a door-to-door saleswoman for vacuum cleaners. But as far as my brother Lionel and I are concerned, the Barrymore family seems to have told the theater to go jump in the lake. Lionel and I are movie actors. We like being movie actors; we are proud of being movie actors. We feel that we are in no way debasing our so-called art, nor fouling the honor of our illustrious ancestors, when we allow our histrionic antics to be recorded on celluloid and packed in a tin can and shipped, like tomatoes, all over the earth.

"We feel that it is better, and certainly more profitable, that we should appear in five hundred theaters a day before a million persons than in one theater before a thousand. A thousand, that is, except on rainy nights or during Holy Week!

"But Ethel is different. She will carry the torch for the Barrymores in the theater until she drops."

Brave words these, and generous; but Jack Barrymore brooded, just the same, over Ethel's failure to click in Hollywood. He hasn't been the same man, even to his intimates, since Rasputin. His roles, with one or two exceptions, haven't interested him. The one in Hat, Coat and Glove so bored him that he walked out on the picture, hustled his wife and babies aboard The Infanta, and started on what was to have been a long cruise in Northern waters. Dolores with the children left the boat at Vancouver. When she arrived in Hollywood, friends noted that she looked woebegone and heartbroken.

Barrymore was announced as starting on an indefinite trip to India; then he was said to be making a picture in England. After four months he showed up in New York, toured the night spots with his old Broadway friends, had one of his "seizures," and went to bed in the fashionable Doctors' Hospital.

AFTER the quaint Hollywood custom, all hands kept assuring press and public that everything was just delightfully squeegy-weegy in the Barrymore household. But when Jack miraculously recovered from his breakdown and began appearing again in the restaurants, not with his old pals but with a nineteen-year-old girl who was as brunette as Dolores was blonde, there wasn't much use in Dolores trying to keep up appearances any longer.

It wouldn't have done her any good if she had; for, on the eve of her husband's departure on a West Indies cruise with his new enamorata and her comely mother, she received from John's lawyers in New York a request that she vacate Bella Vista. The following week, May 3, 1935, Los Angeles papers carried this grim announcement:

> Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will not be responsible for any debts or liabilities contracted by any person other than himself on or after this date.
>
> *(Signed)* JOHN BARRYMORE.

Hollywood was amazed at the apparent bitterness behind this formal legal action. It seemed so unlike the generous free-spending John. For, no matter what other failings he may have had as a husband, he had never denied his young wife anything. The town was surprised, too, at the harsh tone Dolores was said to be taking in the preparation of her divorce complaint. In California, decrees are granted for such easily proved causes as desertion and mental cruelty. But Dolores, so her friends insisted, was not content to stand on any such technical grounds, but would add the damning phrase, "habitual intoxication."

There were charges and countercharges—one of the latter being that the apparently frail and childlike Dolores was really a firm and dominating woman, who not only refused Jack the privileges of a husband, but had held him a virtual prisoner on his own yacht, and caused him such harassment that "for his own protection and for the protection of his future earning power," and "to escape the deadening influence of her presence on his art," he was compelled to "go to some other state."

The unpleasant business was finally patched up with a financial settlement that was satisfactory to Dolores and an amended complaint that was satisfactory to Barrymore because it eliminated all mention of alcohol and confined itself strictly to the technical charge of desertion. Dolores had asked for $3,000 a month for herself and the children. It is reported that she got $850. Anyhow, she didn't have to go on relief.

Mrs. Costello had died a year after Dolores's marriage; but Helene—who had married and unmarried another Broadway playboy, the late Lowell Sherman—joined her sister and together they rented a house at $250 a month, and installed themselves in it along with the two Barrymore children, a butler, a cook, and a maid.

FOR a time Dolores led a most secluded life; but one night, after much urging, she appeared at a Mayfair Club dance resplendent in a white wig.

Shortly thereafter she returned to the screen, crashed through to one of her old-time triumphs as Dearest in Little Lord Fauntleroy, landed a fat contract with M-G-M, and bought herself a fine house in Beverly Hills. Soothed by success, she good-naturedly admitted that her break with her husband was due in part to the fact that her sense of humor had become exhausted—a statement to which the world was quite ready to give sympathetic credence.

Meanwhile, interesting facts were coming to light in regard to the identity of the slim-bodied, big-eyed, black-haired young woman who was now Barrymore's frequent companion in New York and on The Infanta.

Her name was Elaine Jacobs. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jacobs, of 280 Riverside Drive. Mr. Jacobs was reported to be a traveling salesman. Mrs. Jacobs was known to be very pulchritudinous.

"Elaine is pretty," said one man who knew the family, "but I wouldn't look at her twice if her mother was around!"

The girl was a student at New York's municipally owned Hunter College. She had ambitions to become an actress on the stage or on the radio. She heard that her idol, the great John Barrymore, was ill at Doctors' Hospital and wrote him a fan letter of sympathy. Incidentally, she told him a good bit about herself. Jack, bored by the hospital routine, liked the letter and asked her to come to see him. Very soon thereafter Elaine Jacobs became Elaine Barrie—and John Barrymore became a well man.

"My girl took the name out of admiration for Barrymore," Father Louis Jacobs explained. "When he was sick, she went to the hospital and did a sketch for him, and he liked it. He simply thinks she has splendid talent. All this business about love and romance is poppycock."

On the surface there seemed to be a repetition of the old Barrymore story of the mother welcoming his attentions to her daughter and the father being somewhat coy, not to say reserved. While Father Louis was talking "poppycock," Mother Edna was accompanying the absorbed pair on shopping tours--on one of which they were said to have selected a Directoire bedroom suite—and to Broadway night clubs, where they gazed into each other's eyes like dying ducks in a thunderstorm.

As a final blow to Father Louis's poppycock theory, Elaine took a radio bow with Jack on one of Rudy Vallee's Thursday-night programs, hailed a passing taxi with her devoted companion, and—accompanied by her good-looking mother and several of their friends—jumped aboard the luxurious Infanta and sailed away to Caribbean waters.

The newspapers, scenting copy, proceeded to give the pair the works. They named her Ariel and him Caliban. And they pursued them relentlessly through an "on again, off again, gone again" existence which was said to include the cooing of doves and the howling of wolves, the giving and retrieving of diamonds and motorcars, the plight of love and the flight of lovers—a headline romance:

BARRYMORE TO MARRY ELAINE

BARRYMORE BREAKS WITH PROTEGEE

BARRIE PLUS BARRYMORE TO ADD UP AGAIN

FINIS OFFICIALLY WRITTEN TO ROMANCE

BARRYMORE AND PROTEGEE REUNITED

ARIEL GONE—ANOTHER SPLIT

ELAINE WILL WED JOHN WHEN HIS DIVORCE IS FINAL

Take your choice. Jack's divorce becomes final on October 23.

In the meantime the question which has all Hollywood by its ready ears is: What does the future hold—regardless of the outcome of his present romance—for the middle-aged Romeo who was once Handsome Jack Barrymore?

Professionally, it holds anything that he may will it to hold.

When he first came to Hollywood, he was pursued by the movie men's obsession that he could play nothing but romantic lovers. As a matter of fact, in his years on the stage he had played very few of that species.

The romantic hero of the stage, during his early years, was the long-haired Dustin Farnum type. When he matured, he loathed the part of the professional palpitator.

But in Hollywood, at first, there seemed no escape. In vain he assured his early sponsors that "sweet-scented Don Juans affect movie audiences like a rough crossing of the English Channel." Of the general run of his early pictures he complained, "I was in tights so often that I felt like Frankie Bailey glorifying Weber and Fields."

MANY thought he would be unwilling to play Mercutio to Leslie Howard's Romeo. Not at all! He would much rather play the cleverest character in Shakespeare than the sappiest. He has played Romeo twice: once for the Actors' Equity in New York and once, as every veteran film fan remembers, in that lovely sequence with Norma Shearer in one of the early M-G-M all-star mélanges. But he has never wished to play the part.

"He's such an ass," he said.

It was disgust for the type of part in which he said he "looked like a marshmallow in a blond wig" that led him to demand character roles of the bewhiskered variety. But this policy, too, had its disadvantages. He was, he explained, becoming known as an eccentric fool, on and off.

"I was writing my bewhiskered way right into oblivion and didn't know it. Another year of clutching claws and I would have been sweeping streets to earn a living.

"When Irving Thalberg signed me for Metro, he said, 'Got a dress suit?'

"'No,' I said.

"'Well, you'd better trade your whiskers for one right away, for that's what you're going to wear from now on.'

"He saved my movie career, there's no doubt about that."

Some may say that Jack has passed the time when he can play the dress-suit parts; that his beauty has faded, that his classic nose has become peaked, that there is nothing left for him but putty-snouted character parts. But people who say that fail to count on either the ability or the durability of the Barrymores. If they try, they can still be the whole works.

SEVERAL years ago, when A Free Soul was previewed at a Hollywood neighborhood theater, it was clear to all concerned that Lionel Barrymore had stolen the picture. There were hurried conferences among the studio bigwigs, which resulted in the cast being called back for retakes. Every effort was made to play down Lionel and play up the other featured members of the cast—in spite of which, Lionel's performance won the annual Academy award.

In Romeo and Juliet, when it was feared that once more a Barrymore had stolen the picture, the same procedure was attempted. But Jack refused to sacrifice his reputation as the greatest living interpreter of Shakespearean roles on the altar of studio ballyhoo. Rumors of impending discipline, even boycott, did not move him. He didn't go back for retakes. He had a seizure instead!

And, as evidence of where he still stands professionally, it should be added that within a month he was back on the same lot with a new and better contract. He was needed to play in the most eagerly awaited picture of the year—Garbo's Camille.

On the personal side, as you may have gathered from these brief memoirs, the gentleman is wholly unpredictable. He still has a well preserved supply of that "damned charm" which has always surrounded and beglittered him. Down underneath, too, he is still the wandering minstrel, the beloved vagabond, with the sea and the winding road in his heart.

Most important of all, he has retained his Barrymore sense of humor. Asked, not long ago, what was the most exciting attribute a human being could possess, he promptly answered: "Chastity!"

THE END

Why Millions Will Want to SWITCH TO 1937 DODGE

DETROIT—*"I was fortunate enough to get an advance look at the new 1937 Dodge," says Eugene B. Meek. "If everybody 'falls' like I did, millions will want to change to Dodge this year. Dodge certainly gets my vote for giving America such a big, economical car at such a low price."*

CHICAGO—*"I'm not inclined to get over-enthusiastic," says Paul L. Dowty, "but I've just had a look at the new 1937 Dodge and I really am excited. I expected to see improvements but I wasn't prepared for a car as big and handsome as the new Dodge. It isn't difficult to see why thousands want to change to the new and bigger 1937 Dodge."*

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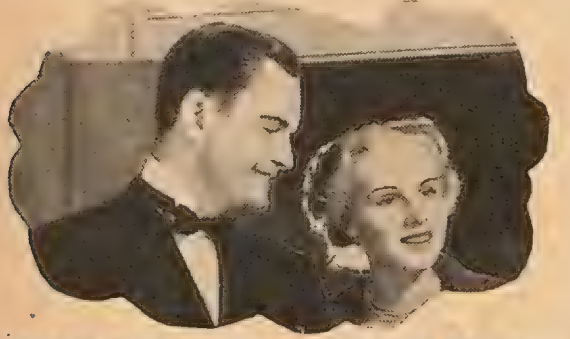

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THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE
THE 3 MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

LIBERTY
America's Best Read Weekly!

Acidity Makes Women Look Older

Kidneys Often to Blame

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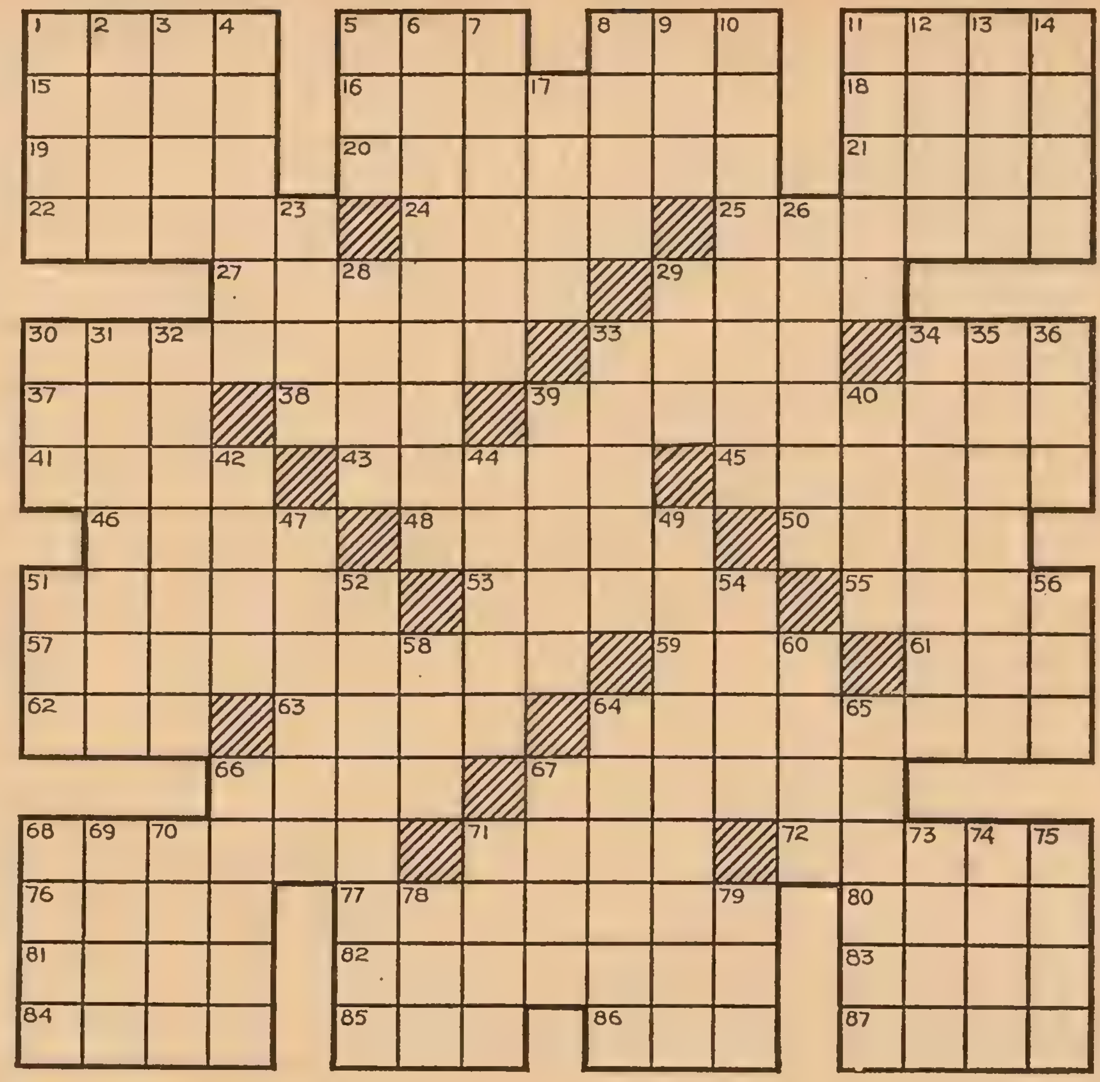
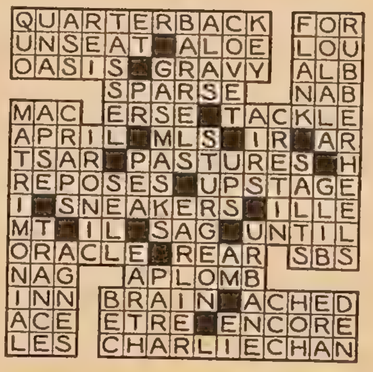


HORIZONTAL

1 Loud noise
5 A small flap
8 Before
11 Store
15 Wind instrument
16 Barriers
18 Unadulterated
19 Black
20 Self-centered people
21 Matures
22 Tears
24 Pronoun
25 Stop
27 Defames
29 Observes
30 Four-wheeled carriage (pl.)
33 Principal
34 A bird
37 Pronoun
38 Inebriate
39 Device for heating air (pl.; two words)
41 Let fall in drops
43 Birds of the gull kind
45 Article of food
46 Peruse
48 Sand hills
50 For fear that
51 Percher
53 Deserve
55 Uproar
57 Heretical
59 A fuel
61 A unit
62 Sooner than
63 Native of an African country
64 Deal out in portions
66 A float
67 Swelled
68 Happen



QUARTERBACK FOR
UNSEAT■ALOE LOU
OASIS■GRAVY ALB
SPARSE NAB
MAC ERSE■TACKLE
APRIL■MLS■IR■AR
TSAR■PASTURES■H
REPOSES■UPSTAGE
I■SNEAKERS■ILLE
MT■IL■SAG■UNTIL
ORACLE■REAR SBS
NAG APLOMB
INN BRAIN■ACHED
ACE ETRE■ENCORE
LES CHARLIECHAN

Answer to last week's puzzle

71 Throw
72 Authoritative statements
76 Bad
77 Short witty saying
80 Sudden calamity
81 Vend
82 Apprehend through the senses
83 Single
84 Playing card
85 Perched
86 Stitch
87 Instigates

VERTICAL

1 Native of a South African country
2 Cleric
3 Midday
4 Kind
5 Demonstrative word
6 Increased
7 Tumults
8 Otherwise
9 Soak
10 Writer of treatises
11 Masts
12 Gigantic
13 Native metal (pl.)
14 An epidemic
17 Clamors
23 Perches
26 A rent roll
28 Foot covering
29 Attention
30 Seed covering
31 Hastener
32 Short aria
33 A niggard
34 Subterfuge
35 A kind of cloth (pl.)
36 Employment
39 To join by some physical means
40 Old Hebrew measure
42 The top of the head
44 Unverified report
47 Of the skin
49 Decorated with seal-like markings (bot.)
51 A pronoun
52 Homeless
54 A chore
56 A mound
58 A dowry
60 Hastened
64 A kind of millet (pl.)
65 Eatable
66 Revive
67 Insects
68 Most excellent
69 Always
70 Line
71 Clue
73 To hinder
74 A Chinese secret order
75 Strikes with fear
78 Edible seed
79 Miaow

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Left: Herb Joesting of Minnesota. Blindness and a broken nose couldn't keep him out of the game.

Touchdowns were more important to Al Marsters (left) and Walsh than a snapped vertebra or broken hands.

The Stuff Football Stars Are Made of

Eddie Hart of Princeton played four years of college football with a broken neck.

Fred Linehan inspired his teammates by playing against Princeton despite a broken leg.

It's Not Brains or Brawn, but the Fighting Heart, Says One Who Knows—and Evokes Some Stirring Memories to Prove It

by EDWIN B. DOOLEY

ALL-AMERICA QUARTERBACK—1924

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

GREAT football players differ as much as night and day. But if there is one common quality that stamps them all, it is the faculty of merging their spirit and personality with their team so completely that they actually lose all sense of their own identity. Southern California's Irvine "Cotton" Warburton, the greatest pilot of the last few years, possessed that potent spirit. There was something occult in the make-up of this frail towheaded quarterback that fired his huskier comrades the moment he stepped on the field. He had the same rare skill as Heston, Grange, Eckersall, and Booth—that ability to melt away from a tackler's grasp like an apparition, and tear off to long runs and touchdowns. He was the heart, the soul, the very life of his team's attack. He knew no fear. He saved his team from being whitewashed by the Stanford Indians in 1933 by his brilliant 44-yard bit of broken-field running, and was unconscious when he did it. A mental fixation of victory at any cost had enabled him to carry on.

Herb Joesting of Minnesota was another example of true fighting spirit. Back in 1926 Herb played through a large part of the Iowa game blind as a bat. His face smeared with blood, he stood back of his line, gritting his teeth as his quarterback took the ball from center and slapped it into his stomach.

With the impact, Joesting, a physical Hercules, roared ahead, taking everything in his path with him by the frantic power of his leg drive. So effective was his plunging that the opposing linesmen never knew that he couldn't see a foot ahead of him. As a matter of fact he was suffering agony from a broken nose, yet put up one of the best games of his career.

Eddie Hart of Princeton, generally regarded by football men as the most inspiring captain any team ever had, played through four years of college football with a broken neck. With his head wedged in a specially designed harness he shattered opposing lines with the impact of his bull-like charges, and backed up his own forward wall with a skill that has seldom been duplicated.

In 1930 a tiring, desperate Yale team was inspired to new courage and victory over Princeton by Fred Linehan, who, although handicapped with a broken leg, took his place in the line and stopped a Tiger march.

Football has its army of obscure heroes who battle through game after game almost unnoticed. For every brilliant back there are two equally brilliant linesmen, but, unlike the back, who is thrust into the spotlight, their deeds pass unobserved by the crowd.

Just ten years ago, Notre Dame was slashing into Army's ranks at Ebbets Field. The Cadets were holding their own against the rapier thrusts of the South Bend ball carriers, and it began to look as though the winning streak of the greatest team the immortal Rockne ever had was in for a trimming.

The Ramblers went into the huddle. Adam Walsh, the great South Bend center, had been putting up a bang-up game at the pivot position, despite the handicap of two broken hands. Unconsciously he raised his bandage-swathed hands and said pleadingly, "C'm'on, fellows, we've gotta go! We're gonna go!"

The sight of his battered hands reminded the players of Adam's plight and recalled the kind of game he was playing on the line despite his handicap. They snapped out of the huddle with increased zest, and went through Army's ranks with a "lift" that nothing could stop.

Al Marsters, Dartmouth's elusive plunging back of a few years ago, put on a similar piece of football in the game with Yale at New Haven. Taking the ball on six successive plunges, he tore directly through the powerful Yale line and fought his way across the Eli goal line. A few minutes later Dartmouth received, and again Marsters started on his touchdown march. He gained twelve yards, then dropped to the ground. Time out was called, and Trainer Hillman, after examining Marsters, suggested that he retire from the game. "All right, Harry," said Marsters, "but just give me two more minutes in this game." Hillman consented, and in those next two minutes the injured Marsters shredded through Yale's forward wall again with such devastating force that in seven plunges he was over the Blue goal line.

After the game an X ray of his spine revealed a broken vertebra. The agony of that injury was insignificant as compared to the importance of carrying that ball over the Yale goal line. The fighting spirit, such as his, makes stars and championship teams.

THE END

DEAD PAN Butterworth

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

MD
MD
MD
MD
MD

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"WHO do you think leads the ideal life in Hollywood?" I asked Dead Pan Charlie Butterworth.

"I—ah—guess—er—I do," responded the comedian hazily. "I think so, anyway."

"What do you do?" I inquired.

"That's just it," said Butterworth. "I—ah—don't do anything between pictures. I'm a relaxer."

"A relaxer?"

"I sort of let go of things. I can let go of anything. I sit. Wonderful at that."

"More about this relaxing," I demanded as the waiter relaxed on two Martinis.

"It's—er—this way," sighed Butterworth. "I'm a lazy person. In fact, I'm—ah—as lazy as hell. I used to wish I had the drive of an Eddie Cantor. You know, pep and push. Now I'm glad I haven't. Go-getters don't know how to relax. Now I enjoy just sitting. I'd rather laze along—you know, easy-like—than be the most popular man in pictures always on the edge of a visit to the hospital."

Butterworth is amazingly like his screen self in real life. At least, as to out-of-focus exterior. Of course, the zany quality of his film personality is an acquired phase. Butterworth has a mind with the best of them. Such interesting personalities as Marc Connelly are among his best friends.

Butterworth is one of the only two men I know who came out of Notre Dame without a football letter. Charlie never touched a pigskin. He lived in South Bend, Indiana, where his father, Charles Butterworth senior, was a physician.

That's how Charlie got his dead pan. At least, that is his explanation.

"I came from a family of doctors," he relates. "Did you ever see a doctor show—ah—anything but a dead pan? Except, perhaps, a happy glint in his eyes when you acquire a swell set of complications. My father's father was a doctor, and his father was one also. In fact, our family was a medical convention. There were eight Dr. Butterworths in all."

Butterworth's father died when he was fifteen. Charlie studied law at Notre Dame largely to please his mother. He was graduated, too, and still is a member of the Indiana bar.

I would love to see Butterworth try a case in court. In fact, here's a hint to any Hollywood producer: Let Charlie cross-question somebody as the big moment of a new comedy.

Knute Rockne's famous Notre Dame Four Horsemen were starring on the gridiron when Butterworth was at Notre Dame. Charlie appeared in a number of the college shows. At this time Walter O'Keefe was at Notre Dame, and so were Ralph Dumke, of the radio team of Dumke and East, and Charlie Davis, the orchestra leader and master of ceremonies.

"I never was a riot in those days, even—ah—among pals," admits Butterworth. "But the taste of footlights ruined me, I guess. I made up my mind to be a vaudeville headliner, but it—ah—remained a secret with me for a long time."

Butterworth was graduated in 1924. He started in vaudeville, doing the sort of dry humor that has made him famous in the films. Only it curled up and died in those days.

"I appeared on most vaudeville bills in the second spot, after the acrobats," says Butterworth. "Lots of managers closed me right after the first show. Most of the audience couldn't hear me above the peanut and popcorn vendors. I worried along, getting nowhere.

"I remember when I was living in a little room at the Division Street Y. M. C. A. in Chicago and—er—almost starving," says Butterworth. "I got a week-end job at a small theater. The manager closed me after the first show. I was sore—I needed the twelve dollars I had been promised for the two days—and, with the aid of a friend, we beat up the manager. We were carted to the police station; but when nobody appeared to press a charge, even the cops wouldn't listen to my monologue. We were pushed out in the street."

So Charlie tried work on the South Bend News-Times. J. P. McEvoy, the writer, and the only other Notre Dame man I know to achieve fame without football, was on the same paper. Butterworth next worked on the Chicago American, and then came East to get a job. He landed one on the Mount Vernon (New York) Daily Argus, and stepped from that to the New York Times. Can you imagine Dead Pan Butterworth as a dignified Times news gatherer?

I can't. And maybe the Times couldn't. Charlie is a little reticent about this interlude in his career.

Anyway, he sat down and wrote a letter to J. P. McEvoy asking for a job. He volunteered to be both secretary and gag writer to the author, then at work on The Potters for pictures. And he got the job, which lasted eight months. During this time he helped on a W. C. Fields film comedy now happily forgotten.

McEvoy used to send Butterworth around to write down dialogue he heard in public places. Once, for instance, to catch the patter of a phony pearl vendor on Forty-second Street. Charlie thought the patter could be brightened up a bit—and did it. McEvoy recognized the improvement, didn't like it, and sent him back to retranscribe the original

Lawyer, Reporter, Secretary, Comic—
A Close-up of a Funny Man's Career
of Laziness: He's Wonderful at Sitting!

Charlie Butterworth, who attributes his solemn characteristics to his antecedents—eight Dr. Butterworths.

McEvoy was writing Americana for the New York stage. Butterworth, who had just quit his job as comedy aid to McEvoy, asked for a chance to do his vaudeville act. McEvoy wasn't very optimistic, but Charlie was given his moment—and made good. His Rotarian address in that show of 1926 was a hilarious monologue.

"Just before that hit," he says, "I got a vaudeville tryout at the Palace in New York. There, on Thursday mornings, new acts were given a hearing while vaudeville bookers sat out in the darkened theater. I got the bell on exactly the same material with which I scored a month later. In fact, when my Americana hit came along, I sent reviews to the vaudeville booker with the notation, 'I'm the fellow who got the bell.'"

One of Butterworth's subsequent stage hits was scored in Sweet Adeline with Helen Morgan. Then, early in 1929, Charlie went to Hollywood. His first film appearance was in Winnie Lightner's Life of the Party for Warners. Except for a comedy role on the stage in Flying Colors with Clifton Webb, Butterworth has been in pictures steadily ever since.

"I'm a hard guy to write about," says Dead Pan Charlie. "No high lights. I know. You can't be as lazy as I am and have high lights. There's no romantic interest about me. I can tell—ah—from my fan mail. No young women write to tell me they're rushing West on the next plane. No; most of my mail is sadly intelligent.

"Thank heavens, I'm a comic. I'm likely to last in Hollywood. Comedians and character players go on endlessly, while stars drop by the wayside. We have no worries about profiles. Nobody cares.

"I like pictures for what they afford. I'm honest enough to say that. For the better living they provide, for the security they bring."

The Butterworth dead pan, which, by the way, carries little or no make-up before the cameras, has earned a house with a tennis court in Benedict Canyon, four blocks from the Beverly Hills Hotel. Also a place in Palm Springs near the homes of Harold Lloyd, Bob Woolsey, Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy, and Frank Shields, the tennis star. Paul Lukas is a next-door neighbor.

His best friend in Hollywood is Frank Morgan, who lives near him both in Beverly Hills and Palm Springs.

He would like to get a really good role on both the screen and the stage, patterned after him. He'd like to write his own dialogue for it. He often writes the droll, hazy chatter he uses in various parts on the screen. Nobody can get the zany quality he needs. "It comes naturally—er—that nutty flavor," he admits.

He likes Hollywood because you can do exactly as you like there. You can go down to the boulevard in a sweat shirt or in perfect afternoon attire. Nobody cares. The place is mad. "It goes with the climate," said Charlie, ordering another Martini.

He wants to write for magazines later, when he has time. He has contributed to several in the past—and been paid for it.

He likes to play the piano. For all his pose of laziness, he loves tennis and boating.

Butterworth married Ethel Sutherland, an actress, in 1932. She has quit acting, however. She was dead pan, too, when I tried to draw her out about her comedian husband. Charlie was a little more talkative over the third Martini. "Thank goodness, she's gotten over acting," he sighed. "Matrimony is enough problem without ambition butting in."

Don't tab Butterworth as just a hazy comic. There is a real vein of humanness inside. I know, because I checked the reason for his various visits to South Bend. Charlie wouldn't tell. Dismissed it with: "I like the old town—the old places."

I wondered, because I knew both his mother and father had passed on. And here's the real story: Charlie had a younger brother who died four years ago at thirty-four, leaving a widow and four children. Butterworth has taken over this family as his own. Your laughter and mine bring them the nice things of life.

When I talked to Butterworth, he had just stepped off the Europa, en route back to Hollywood from a holiday abroad. He had made a North Cape trip to Norway.

"I'm saturated with the scenery," he admitted. "And I'll be glad to get back. It will be wonderful to find a shirt—er—without opening three suitcases."

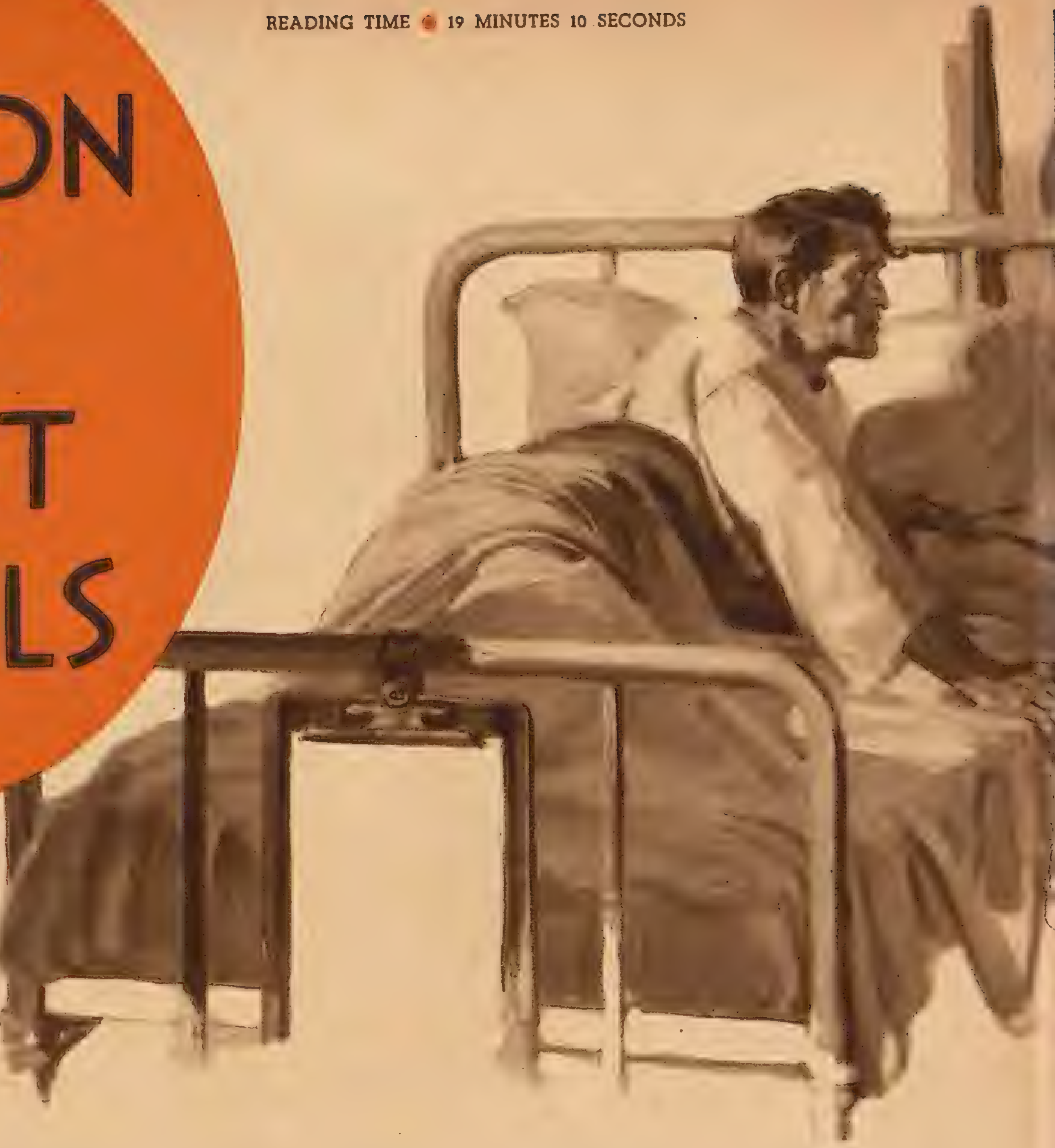
Butterworth paused, thinking of Norway.

"You can—ah—tell folks that I've been watching the fiords go by."

THE END

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LEGION OF LOST SOULS



CAPTAIN BLACKLEDGE collaborating, Digger Craven last week gave a powerful description of the first night ashore on Gallipoli. It was a night of incessant shelling from the Turkish field guns, and, for Digger, of the ravings of a comrade whom bloodlust had maddened. Toward morning the enemy threw in fresh reserves. An order came to fall back; some mistook it for an order to retire, and went scrambling to the boats. One of these was Digger's friend Red. He had collared two Turks. Realizing his mistake, he loosed them and plunged again into the fighting.

The second day British warships gave the Turks shell for shell as the sorely pressed Anzacs dug in better. By night they had really secured a few yards of ground. Snipers harassed them, and Digger was in a stalking party that followed a lieutenant into no man's land. There he became separated from the others and stopped a charge of slugs with his shoulders. Till morning and through the third day he groped about alone, on the verge of delirium, or slept. At nightfall he came upon two men dueling to the death among the bloated reeking bodies. He saw one stab the other with a bayonet. The killer was Red! A moment after their mutual recognition, Digger lost consciousness.

PART THREE—A MADONNA FROM THE U. S. A.

AFTER that sojourn in no man's land, memory was chopped up in little bits by periods of unconsciousness, waking and sleeping, brilliant sunlight and dead blackness. I can recall scrappy pictures presented to my sleepy eyes as I lay on a stretcher in some sort of rude structure—a casualty clearing station. I was tied to the stretcher, lying with shoulders up and covered with a mound of bandage. Men were moving about in all directions. Sometimes they ran. Shells roared and burst. It seemed that the beach was not so much " behind the lines " as a bit of the battlefield. Some fellow bent over me and gave me a drink of water.

" What's on? "

" Hospital ship," he said laconically, and moved away.

It was a packed ship. I awoke to groans and cries of pain, in bedding that held me down sideways, with my shoulders exposed. An orderly was applying a dressing.

" How d'you feel? "

" Great! "

" There's a good bit of lead in your shoulders we can't get at. I expect they'll get it out at the hospital."

" Where are we bound for? "

" Alexandria, I think. Maybe Malta. I don't know. Nobody knows anything in this damned business."

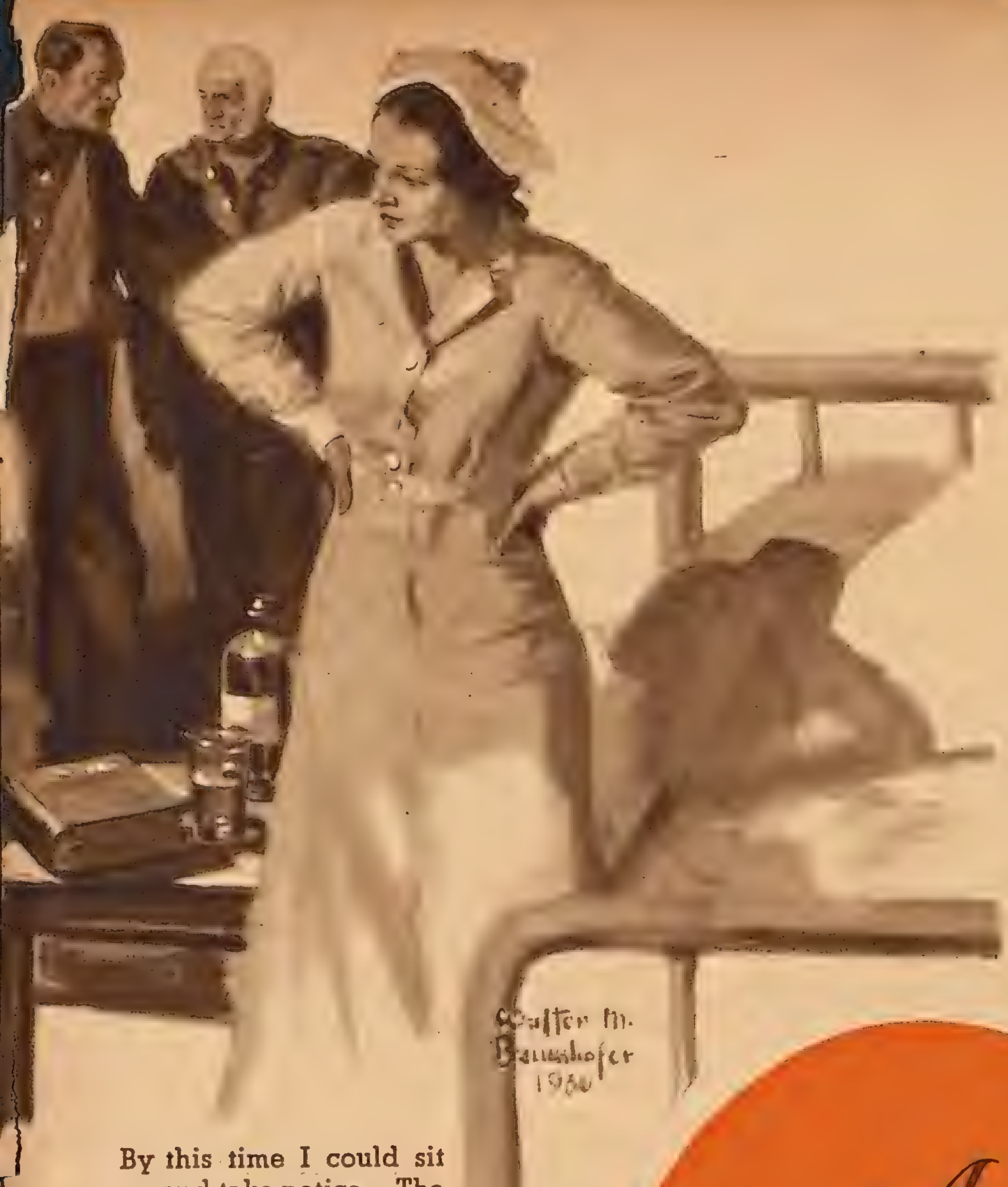
He passed on to the next man, across the aisle between the beds. Fixed as I was, I could see all that part of the ward. Men were tossing about, groaning, calling for the orderly. Away over in the corner was a man yelling and cursing. The orderly wandered off. I fell asleep.

I was glad to get off that floating reek of blood and antiseptics, where there seemed to be nothing but cries of pain and stained dressings. My position was a frightfully cramped one, but when I tried turning over on my back, the bits and pieces of lead stabbed into the muscles and I was willing enough to stay as I'd been put.

I kept that position for ten days in Alexandria, by the end of which time many of the pieces had been removed and I could sit up and take notice of my surroundings. The first thing I did notice was Nurse Waller. I soon had the impression she was just a girl who had volunteered. Not that she wasn't efficient. She was marvelous. But she had that sort of air which is altogether alien to the trained nursing sister. I told her, in the first few minutes of our really bright chat, that her talk would give her away anywhere.

" You are no Britisher, sister."

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER



By this time I could sit up and take notice. The first thing I did notice was Nurse Waller.

A

Lovely Woman Enters a Vivid Tale of War and Horror—The Story of the Peninsula of Death

by

CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

" American, Digger — if it's anything to you."

She smiled. It was great! The sweetest thing this side of heaven. She had even white teeth and a mouth that needed no lipsticking. The full upper lip was lifted, sort of turned up, in the most fascinating fashion. She had a close-set casque of raven hair, dressed Madonnalike, delicate bisque-tinted skin that puts mere white to shame, the out-of-doors kind of complexion, eyes of satin blue, a mutinous chin.

She was Madonna to me, always. What could I have to do with such gleaming, soft, full-blooded loveliness? Behind that small delicately poised head, that free swing of line and contour, that grace, was a whole train of finishing schools, cultural and social activities; all the upholstered protection that insulates the well-born.

I don't have to say what she meant to me after that black violent underworld of no man's land.

" You are no Englishman yourself, Digger."

" I've never tried to hide the fact that I'm an Australian."

" Fine! It's lovely to hear you say Australian—just like that! "

" How so? "

She laughed. It was like the tinkling of soft-toned bells.

" Well, you colonials either say Australian with a Scottish accent or you say ' Austrylian,' like a cockney."

" I was born in the bush."

" Yes, Digger, I know. One-hundred-percent mosquito-salted, hard-fisted, world-roaming product of the bush! "

" I say! "

" Well, that's what you've been doing with me the last five minutes, isn't it—sizing me up, taking my measure? "

" Sorry! Didn't realize I was being so abominably rude. But tell me. What is your name? "

" Nurse Waller."

" I know that. I mean the one your mother used."

" It isn't for ward use."

" I promise not to use it in the ward."

" Really? Grace—if it's anything to you."

She flashed a smile and passed on about her tasks. I'll never forget that morning. I sat there and feasted. My eyes followed her as she went from bed to bed. There wasn't a gesture, a movement that I'd miss—the soft swell at her throat, the fine free forward movement as she leaned over a bed, the steady downward-looking poise of her. An alluring and timely apparition. Slender like a young bamboo, yet rounded, supple, of perfect mold.

Sometimes she would turn her Madonnalike head, gaze across the beds with those satin eyes of hers, and smile. She was a joyous thing in my sight. When she went off duty some of the light went out of the sun. A matronly body, exuding efficiency, took her place. But the vision of her remained, was always there.

It was worth a dozen Gallipoli landings to come back to such a vision.

When she was not there I would try to change the subject with myself, so to speak —for surely this dreaming would lead me no place!—and I would ponder about the puzzle of Red. I had not seen Red since that night when he had dragged me back to the lines. I assumed it was he who had done it. That period of pain and waking and sleeping had obliterated him for the time being.

What on earth had he been doing that night, fighting that awful duel to the death out there in no man's land? That bayonet thrust. That savagery, ferocity. Why should he have killed a man like that? Why? Why? The query worried me like hell.

I knew Red. He wasn't that sort in the least. For all his bigness, his great muscular power, he was surprisingly gentle. He took quite a lot of rousing. At heart a decent fellow. It was not just the loathsome conditions. There was something more in it, something of which I had no knowledge. What? Some private affair? Then it must have developed after I had gone off with the party sniper hunting.

Here was I in Alexandria, and Red was there, across that strip of blue, sweating in those filthy trenches. Or was he? Were we ever to meet again? Would he be there when I got back? If he wasn't, how should I ever find the solution to this crazy puzzle? Red, why did you kill a man? Sometimes I would wake up in the middle of the night asking that. Not that killing in itself was anything much—killing by order.

Red's altogether alien act was curiously mixed up with my growing acquaintance with the Madonna. An unusual period that, the murderous memory of Red beating at the back of consciousness all the time, while the loveliness of this vision filled one's voluntary thoughts. That scene, that stab, and one's nerves ripped like silk. Then this, satin blue eyes deep as grotto pools.

It was a red-letter day when I could walk abroad once more. Amazingly the Madonna came too. I had no idea that she would when I asked her. She came with laughter in her eyes and on her bewitching mouth. In white from top to toe. White, a delicious purity that made a fitting frame for the creamy brownness of her sun-kissed bloom.

The experience was rich because it was more or less clandestine. We met beyond the hospital confines like two nervous young lovers. We strolled in the crowded thoroughfares; drifted through the colorful chaffering throngs; and Alexandria had never seemed so fascinating. Of course it was I. That city of color and beauty, that hotbed of vice and intrigue, had not changed. I was reborn. She sensed it. I would catch a deep, questing, querying look in her eyes.

We knew full well what we were doing. We were neither of us children—neither would see thirty again. She walked with full awareness, her arm in mine, fitting her step, her movement to mine, making one exquisitely aware of her soft presence. And as she walked she talked in low intimate tones. We had had many chats in the ward—but this was different. There was no watchful audience of patients, no guarding of tongues to seeming casualness.

We came out into the open in more than one sense. Gallipoli was a million miles away then. She never once mentioned the word, though she knew from the details on my case sheet. And I was grateful to her for that. I wanted to forget the beastliness and horror of the peninsula. I should know it all again soon enough. Instead —well, it was not difficult to induce her to talk of herself.

SHE had been in northern Arabia with her archaeologist husband. The party was excavating over the site of Ur of the Chaldees, on the bank of the Euphrates. Trouble arose among the Arab coolies. There was a pitched battle. The scientists were getting the worst of it when the Turkish gendarmerie rolled up. She saw her husband stabbed—fatally. It was the last thing she saw of that ill-fated expedition. Funny. A stabbing was the last thing I had seen. After that she was conducted down through Syria to Egypt. She was in Cairo, trying to forget, when the war broke out.

I gathered she had not talked of the dreadful episode during her sojourn in Egypt. She could talk of it calmly now. So far as the authorities knew, she was just one of the many tourists. She had welcomed the opportunity to take up work not unfamiliar to her, for she had specialized in nursing with the expeditions that had taken her about the world. It had helped. That searing experience was fading.

Occasionally, while she talked, she would lift her head, her deep blue eyes shining with a strange light that had nothing to do with the present moment. She seemed then to be back in the past. Then it was gone again. She was smiling. The grotto pools of her eyes were flashing in the sunlight.

We sought the secluded corner of a hotel garden. Tea was served by a Gyppo in spotless white.

"When shall you return to the States?"

"I don't know. Certainly not before this war is ended. I intend to see it through. Sometimes I have thought I would like to be in London."

How far away Anzac Cove seemed then!

"But you must get back!" she said suddenly. "Don't let us run the risk of having your privileges cut. That would spoil everything!"

We rose and sauntered toward the hospital. The jaunt had been perfect. It was ended all too soon, but she would still be near! There were many days ahead before—Why think about it? I had just begun to get about with what the M. O. termed a scholarly stoop when we had that first afternoon together. I don't know quite what happened, but the following day I was put back on my tummy and there I had to remain for a week. My afternoon out had apparently caused more bits of steel to work their way toward the surface.

"How long is this sort of thing likely to go on, doc?"

"Difficult to say. Your shoulders appear to be full of buckshot. What sort of weapons are they using over there?"

"Every darned sort!"

"These things are likely to go on working their way out for weeks. I think I'd better transfer you to London and let the specialists see you."

"Can't it be done here, doc? I don't want to go to London."

"What? You're the first man I've ever heard say that! D'you mean you'd rather be in Alexandria?"

"If I could be fixed up here—"

"You're a fool, man! Don't talk damned nonsense. Nobody in his senses would object to going to London for a spell. You'll be back over there soon enough. What are you—one of these wonderful heroes we read about?"

"Not me, doc. But I'd prefer to stay in Alexandria, if it's all the same to you, doc."

"Bah! You're crazy!"

THE M. O. turned on his heel and marched out of the ward. He couldn't know that I had the finest reason in the world for wanting to stay where I was.

She came on duty that night at eight. She did not, however, come near me for nearly two long hours, during which I did not even once succeed in catching her eye. What could it mean? Was she regretting our escapade of yesterday? They are queer folk, the women. There she was, passing from one fortunate fellow to another, making them comfortable for the night, giving them a smile and a joke now and then. I might not have existed.

I lifted myself gingerly; turned my head so that I faced the window at the end of the ward, where I could see something of the outside world. I had a view of roofs and spires and domes and minarets. The lights were glowing about the city. Its faint hum came up to me on the warm night air. She'd have to come to me, I supposed, but just then I didn't find it exciting to watch her fussing around other fellows.

At last there were soft footfalls. I could have picked them out of a thousand. A wagon was wheeled alongside the bed. I could see the enamel bowls and dressings. That downward look, long thick lashes veiling her eyes. I sensed something strange about her before she spoke.

"How's the back, Digger?"

"Mighty sore after all that probing."

"You annoyed the M. O. today. You're in disgrace."

"For what?"

"He says you objected to being transferred to London."

"Well?"

"What d'you mean—well? A good soldier doesn't argue with a medical officer. He says you ought to be a mental case."

"I could say things about him," I said.

"What's your objection to going to London?"

"You ought to know."

She stood stock-still for an appreciable second or two, her soft hands halted in the act of winding the bandage round and under my shoulders. Her face was quite close. The scent of her hair was in my nostrils. For a minute I had a wild desire to reach out and draw her farther down. It was the unforgettable minute. I lived an age in it. Then she went on winding the bandage. She said never a word. I remember muttering some stupid thing about wishing I'd had it in the chest so I could have done the bandaging myself.

Then she was whispering in that husky but ineffably sweet voice of hers. The M. O. had asked her to see what she could do with the cracked Aussie; the fellow might listen to her if she told him he ought to go to London while he had the chance. And having got that over, she asked me what I thought about her getting leave for a trip to London.

“Lie still, Craven. How can I attend to your dressings when you wriggle so?”

Or words to that effect. Then a whispered conspiracy, a very delicious conspiracy.

I promised her I would agree to everything the M. O. said in the morning; I would not in any way annoy him, nor again prefer Alexandria when London was offered. Her soft little hand closed over mine. We agreed it was a deal. Then she had to hurry away. But she came back again and again that night, with more whisperings and mock commands about my getting some sleep.

She came again in the afternoon of the following day. There was something new in her eyes. She had been into the bazaar and was flushed and shining with her exertions. She sat on the locker by the bed, asked me how I was, talked of her shopping and of her purchases at a little French shop she had discovered. She was surprisingly, enormously thrilled with the preparations for her trip to London. She was to sail in three days! Her excitement was infectious. I could feel it coursing through me as I lay on my stomach with my face turned toward her.

Wounded on their way to the hospital ships off Gallipoli.

Her slim hand, beautifully manicured, closed over my wrist on the coverlet. But she wasn't taking temperature. It was just a way we had. It was great fun having to perform these little intimacies surreptitiously.

She looked fresh and young and beautiful. There was a glow about her, the glow of fecundity. I have never seen any one so lovely. She said she'd like to show me the things she'd bought but I would have to wait until late in the night when the other patients had gone to sleep. So would I go to sleep now and stay asleep? Amazingly I did. I slept until nearly eleven.

It was very late when she came softly to my bedside. She came with the air of a child playing truant, and she placed a little pile of silks and satins and fleecy laces on the pillow by my face. They were soft delicate things to touch. They'd been in her box, had already taken on the scent which was so familiar to me. I never knew what it was, but I sometimes think I could walk miles over broken glass to meet that perfume again. If only one could turn back the clock!

I DON'T know how the talk of marriage came up. So far as I was concerned, it crept unbidden into our whisperings. It was to me an unwanted topic, totally alien. I said I wasn't a marrying man. How could I be? What was to happen to us when this blighted war was all finished? She would not look that far ahead. Like many women, she was satisfied with the present. Why look into the future? I couldn't agree to that. We argued until well on in the small hours. She didn't have that mutinous chin for nothing.

Then we had a stupid childish sort of game which began with my drawing those silken bits and pieces down under the bedclothes and refusing to give them up. She was called away. I lay still on my tummy, thinking hard. This was just two-o'clock-in-the-morning sentiment. I must not give way to the idea of marriage. It was crazy. It wasn't that I was afraid for our economic future. I could attend to that, thanks to a dear old pioneering grandfather who had left me well supplied. But I'd always been foot-loose and free.

She returned, retrieved her possessions, reminded me there would be only one more day before she sailed for England. It might be a week or so before I took ship. We should not see each other again for some little time. She gave me the address at which she had arranged to stay in London. Apparently she had been there before. It was a flat overlooking Hyde Park that belonged to a woman friend doing war work in France.

I was as excited as a kid. There was no more sleep that night. She came again next day, after the M. O. had made his rounds. She was carrying some large envelopes. She took out some X-ray plates and showed me the ironworks in my shoulders. I thought it looked a darned sight worse than it felt. Those weird shadowy photographs seemed to justify this lazy interlude of mine. I didn't feel so bad about being out of it at Gallipoli. Why shouldn't I go to England?

“When you're convalescent—” she began.

“I shall get ten days' leave and then be shuffled back to the peninsula.”

“TEN days,” she murmured, her eyes shining. “Ten days can be a long time. And perhaps you'll get more.”

“You're an optimist.”

“And you're a fatalist!”

“I wish I were! Sufficient unto the day—no, I'm just a hopeless sort of bloke.”

She smiled, glistening teeth, shining eyes.

“I've known worse.”

“It's just hateful, old girl, not being able to agree with you.”

“Never mind. See you tonight.”

She was gone. Presently an orderly came round with mail. There was a letter for me from Red. I had written him, but had not expected an answer so quickly. I had carefully refrained from any mention of that affair in no man's land. He wouldn't be able to get any such story past the censor anyway. Part of his letter had been cut away. From the rest of it, apparently, there wasn't much change; no decisive advance either way. The Anzacs were holding their own. Life was mostly digging and stalking and shooting. Quite the life for Diggers from down under!

The Madonna came to the corner by the window late that night. She had insisted upon taking her duty even though she was sailing next day. The blinds were drawn and all lights out save one over a table in the center of the ward, and that one was heavily shaded. I had waited so long, lying there on my tummy staring through the window, that by the time she reached my bedside there was a mist before my eyes and a thunder in my ears.

At first I could discern only the faint outline of her, seated on the edge of the bed. Her hand crept about in the semidarkness like a mouse, until it reached mine. Her head was bent, her Madonna face enclosed in a casque of shadows. It came out of the shadows.

“That,” she whispered, “for au revoir.”

My head swam. Her eyes were like deep pools, her mouth an enchantment. We whispered of our plans.

“Supposing I don't get to London? Supposing they send me somewhere else—Malta or some such one-eyed hole?”

“They won't. I know the hospital you're going to—under the care of a titled surgeon. These lesser M. Os. just love to send him interesting cases like yours.”

She was right. Digger was to go to London, go with rainbows round his bandaged shoulders but with a new resolve fixed upon him. She was to come to him in the hospital on Hyde Park, to dine with him in Soho. Then bliss? Then—a Zeppelin raid, for one thing! It's a heart-clutching story. Go on with it next week.

To the Ladies

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

YOU know her on the radio as Martha Deane. Off the air she is Mary Margaret McBride. Under these two names she has achieved two separate careers, both highly successful. As Mary McBride she is well known, a star newspaper woman. Now, as Martha Deane, she has rapidly become one of our top-notch radio commentators. I asked what she considers the most helpful incident of her life.

"Being born on a farm," she answered. "I was born on a farm near Paris, Missouri. We had good neighbors, and the talk I heard as a girl was neighborly talk. I acquired the habit of talking like that myself, and it has always helped me get on with people in an easy, friendly way. On the radio I try to speak as simply as I used to hear my mother and her neighbors speak when I was a little girl back on the farm."

Martha Deane
(Mary Margaret McBride)

On her newspaper assignments Mary's countrified simplicity worked wonders for her among all kinds of people. It once inspired the confession of a murderess in a prison interview, and it led Prince Christopher of Greece to tell her that his palace was overrun with water bugs.

From Lloyd George's secretary it elicited the chatty revelation that the great Mr. George is passionately fond of onions but never dares eat his fill of them because of his many social engagements and conversations with important dignitaries.

Learn this from the experience of Mary (Martha Deane) McBride: A *neighborly* manner can help you get on in the world.

● Maybe you'd think there wouldn't be much excitement around an information desk at the New York Public Library. I know a lady who works there on the information job, and she gets plenty of thrills.

Just the other day a quiet-looking man came along with a big paper bag. He plunked the bag down on her desk, opened it, poured out a live but sluggish snake, and said ever so calmly, "Please show me a book that tells what to feed young boa constrictors; I guess I've been feeding this one wrong."

When she regained the use of her voice, the information lady said she believed he had better go to the zoo. The man with the snake marched off in a temper, grumbling about bad service at the library.

● Letter from a worried woman. She writes: "I would like to give some formal parties this winter but am not quite sure as to when I should or should not request the men to wear white ties and tails."

Well, to begin with, I'm afraid I cannot answer this question very sympathetically, because *formal* parties are almost always a crashing bore to me, and I dodge them as often as possible. However, here are three suggestions:

1. Don't give any white-tie parties unless your whole scale of living is formal and lavish enough to stand the strain. 2. Never inflict your white-tie complex on a party of less than six couples unless you and your guests are going out after dinner to some dance or reception where such attire is expected. 3. Send your white-tie invitations well ahead of time—some of the men may need to hire their outfits.

● Of late I have noticed more and more couples holding hands on the streets of New York. Yesterday I met a well known young society pair, married some years now, walking along Fifth Avenue hand in hand at half past four in the afternoon. I admired their inoffensive, unself-conscious affection. And I noticed other people pass them with shy smiles of approval.

It made the city seem a little less impersonal, a little more friendly.

● Climbing in and out of the bathtub can be a truly perilous adventure as well as an awkward one for people who are no longer spry because of age or overweight.

Quite a few clean old ladies and gentlemen break their bones that way every year, which often proves fatal to the elderly. Some of them even fall back in the bath water and drown. Should be more careful.

It is said that the late King George of England, during his last years, had a healthy horror of falling into or out of his tub, and was keenly interested in nonskid bath gadgets.

Strong handles on the wall beside the tub are good, or a rope suspended from the ceiling. *Something* to hang on to.

● Want to adopt a baby? Read Eleanor Garrigue Gallagher's comprehensive book, The Adopted Child. (Published by Reynal and Hitchcock, Inc.)

● Some crisp autumn morning you probably will rebel against your slimming diet and demand a regular breakfast.

That's the time for these *bacon-and-potato rolls*, served with scrambled eggs. Try them at your next Sunday breakfast party.

Mix a pastry dough with 6 tablespoons freshly mashed potato, same of flour, 2 tablespoons butter or lard, salt to taste, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and just enough water to make the dough fairly stiff. Roll out thin. Cut in strips the width of a rasher of bacon. Lay a slice of bacon on each strip of dough. Roll up. Bake 20 minutes in brisk oven.

Eat 'em while they're *hot!*

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF PRESIDENTS

THESE ARE THE PRIZES:

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, each $10	200
90 PRIZES, each $5	450

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.

2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.

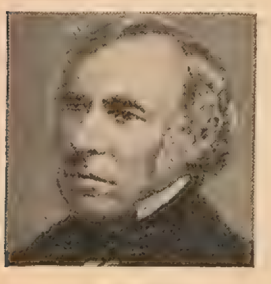
3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."

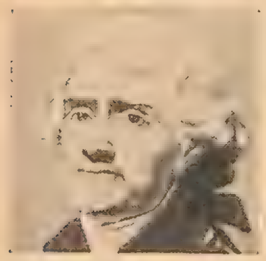
4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

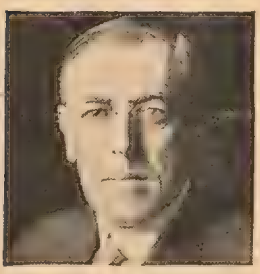
5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

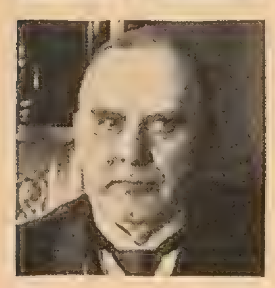
6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

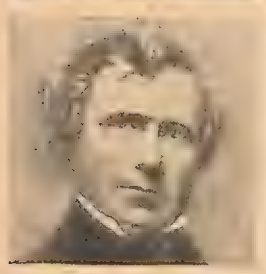
7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

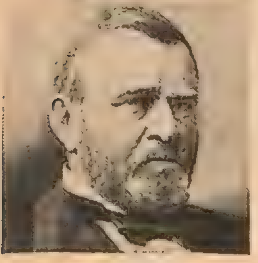












CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS

COUPON NO. 7

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

An era—a time in the history of old—
Brought states and their rights to the fore, we are told.
A party in politics carried the name,
And maybe that party will come once again.

. . . .
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

The footsteps of wisdom are never refilled,
Regardless of reasons where wisdom is willed.
So much for the man that they tried to depose,
Who ruggedly held both the thorn and the rose.

. . . .
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A man of the people ahead of his day,
The chief of the nation in first double play,
Who rose in the might of his time to defend,
That eastward to westward they shall not extend.

. . . .
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

From nigh to the shores where Perry had won
He came to the White House, a favorite son.
By tariff enactment that carried his name
He won the first round in the battle of fame.

. . . .
(Write the President's name here)

CLIP HERE

ARE THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK IN THIS GROUP?

Copyright, Howard W. Bible, 1936

The ONLY Cough Drop
MEDICATED WITH THROAT-SOOTHING INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

I CAN PATCH THIS TOP with PLASTIC WOOD

Now . . . anyone can quickly make 1001 lasting repairs—**patch leaky auto tops, fill cracks and holes in floors, baseboards, reset loose drawer pulls and casters, repair furniture, etc.**—with this wonderful new discovery called Plastic Wood. Handles just like putty and hardens into waterproof wood—wood that sticks permanently to wood, metal, plaster. Genuine Plastic Wood holds nails, screws; can be painted. Paint and hardware stores sell tubes and cans for a few cents.

PLASTIC WOOD

PLASTIC WOOD

U. S. Presidents

Our illustrated booklet is packed with information about our Presidents. Used by majority of former contest winners. 24 pages, 5½ x 8½ inches. Portraits 1¾ x 2¾ inches. Send money order 50c (no stamps) to President Publishing Co., 1017 N. Y. Post Building, 75 West St., New York. Established 1925.

CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—*FREE*

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine
63rd year in business. . . Write today!
F. J. CHENEY & CO. Dept. 410, TOLEDO, O.

Vox Pop

Is Everybody Insane in This Country?

BALTIMORE, MD.—If a man's bank busts and leaves him destitute, if his business for any reason goes on the rocks, if he loses his job and simply can't get employment, or if he is born physically defective, or if his mental attainments are not on a par with Einstein's, or if he is so dull he is only of farm-hand caliber—should that man be stamped on like a filthy cockroach? Or offered charity? For any reason whatsoever, is there any sense in Americans committing suicide by thousands, taking so-called relief at the expense of taxpayers by millions?

Even lunatics and bums unquestionably have the right to die or live, the former preferred. But if the great mass of this country's population wish to live (and without charity), why do they allow a few to gobble and hold wealth, to plow human food underground, to connive toward higher food prices so that the small pay envelope is smaller, the hungry become hungrier, while politicians yammer over the radio?

Is every one insane?

Is there no one that knows our system of distribution does not near fit these times and conditions?

Many unsuitable conditions have been done away with in the far and recent past. Witchcraft, slavery, prohibition, pillories, and other obsolete customs have been outlawed. How long will it take civilization to see that the whole world is staggering under the present horrible weight of misery and inadequate form of distribution?

Is it possible there is no Hitler, Lincoln, Lenin, Mussolini, Caesar, or such ruthless strong man in America? Must we continue for seven years more to endure radio, newspaper, and magazine yammerings? Why not arbitrarily destroy, burn up all our silly vicious laws and political systems, and build from the ground up a system commensurate with our desperate needs? Citizens, is there no remedy? Is this communism, socialism? What can that matter? Call it anything!

Personally, I would gladly join in a war, even if it caused partial extermination (omitting the mutilation and permanent injuries), and would care not a whit if I were killed. Every one must die. I don't want to, but will gladly risk it rather than live in hell.

So business is "picking up," eh? What for, except to pay *bigger* dividends to fat potguts?—*George C. Ross.*

EXPLAINING SEX TO MR. ERSKINE

NORFOLK, VA.—After reading Sex for School Children, by John Erskine (September 19 Liberty), these words occurred to me: Why not explain sex as it was explained to me in my younger days?

It was likened unto the flowers. As the butterfly and bee carry the pollen from the male species to the female species to make a seed which will later grow to another beautiful flower, so is it with male and female of the higher life.

Only, in our case, we have no bee or butterfly to do it for us, and that is why one should wait till marriage before indulging in sexual life.

It is too beautiful to be trusted to any one, as surely one would not think of giving a precious gem to a burglar to carry to the mayor of his city. Neither would one expect a mayor to give such an article of value to a crook.

How much better it is, therefore, to wait—both male and female—till love enters!

Love is life, and I'd rather live with a person I truly loved, out of wedlock, than be married (as I am) to a person who does not love me.—*Sea Urchin.*

LIBERTY WILL PAY $1,000

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

The Bonuses Will Be $1,000, $500, and Five of $100 each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest—all writers are eligible. There are no special rules. Rejected contributions will be returned provided sufficient postage AND a self-addressed envelope are enclosed. Simply address your manuscript to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

CRACKPOTS AND SMART MAN

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I agree with Mr. Willis Owen, associate editor of the Townsend Weekly, in September 5 Vox Pop, when he states that fifteen million people that are for the Townsend Plan can't all be crackpots.

But, in my humble opinion, 14,999,999 are—the other one (1) is a very, very smart man.—*Bailey C. Bothe.*

A BAPTIST MINISTER WRITES A PRIZEFIGHTER'S WIFE

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I am a Baptist minister who has read every issue of Liberty since it saw the light of day—thirteen or fourteen years ago.

You are giving us very fine "character studies" from real life. In August 29 Liberty I read with great interest an article by Mrs. James J. Braddock. Irish by birth, I am writing a note to her and her husband.—*John T. Caughley.*

FINISH THAT SPANKING OR—

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—I am a regular reader of Liberty and have been enjoying the story Godiva Was a Lady very much. But why, oh why, when Stephen had Stella "in the old spanking position" (September 19 Liberty), did the author make him lose his nerve and stop the proceedings? I'm sure that if any man turned me over his knee and didn't go ahead and spank I wouldn't have any more to do with him!

Congratulations to the artist on his picture. It is the most natural and realistic "spanking picture" I have seen in some time.—*Marie.*

A LOT OF GAS IN THIS

LINCOLN, NEB.—In the story, Adventure in August, by Brassil Fitzgerald (August 29 Liberty), he says, in part: "The Doghouse was a restaurant on wheels and he had equipped it with a gas stove for hot dogs, pulled it around to football games, skating rink," etc.

Now, my question is, where did he get the gas for the stove? All the gas stoves I ever used were connected to a gas main and meter and were not movable.—*Emmy Kathryn Champe.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The first time I pick up a Liberty I find errors! Reading Adventure in August, by Brassil Fitzgerald, the hero, John Aloysius Regan, B. A., has his given name alternately changed from John to Jack in the course of the story as follows: 21 Johns; 4 Jacks; 2 Johns; 1 Jack; 21 Johns; 16 Jacks; 1 John; 15 Jacks.

Typographical errors or—? How do you expect to keep readers? For myself, I don't think it is a very good start for Liberty.—*Izzy Allen.*

[Evidently Miss Champe never heard of a gas stove in which compressed gas from tanks is used. Besides, wouldn't it be possible for the Doghouse proprietor to connect with a gas pipe by way of rubber hose at his stops? And we are afraid that Brassil Fitzgerald has it on his critic Izzy Allen, too; for the name John has Jack as its alternative, just as Joseph is Joe and Henry is Hank.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"THEM DAMNED LIBERTY MAGAZINES"

NAT. MIL. HOME, CALIF.—The room orderlies are going on a strike here! Mr. L. T. would have fought a lion this morning! He said: "If I ain't picking up canes and crutches, I'm cleaning up them damned old Liberty magazines."—*Leonard L. Beaver.*

ON STRIKE
WE PROTEST

WHAT NAVY DAY MEANS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Will you co-operate this year with the United States Navy in its observance of Navy Day, Tuesday, October 27, by calling attention to the part the navy plays in our national life, in the issue of Liberty appearing about October 27?—*Nelson Macy, National Chairman for Navy Day.*

[Navy Day was inaugurated in 1922 by the Navy League of the United States and its observance is sponsored annually by the League.

October 27 was selected because it is the anniversary of the birth of President Theodore Roosevelt, so much of whose life was devoted to establishing a sound naval policy for the United States of America.

October is also the month in which the American navy was founded in 1775 by the Continental Congress.

In addition to paying a deserved tribute to the sea heroes of the nation and recalling the splendid part the navy has played in making and keeping us a nation, the Navy Day observance has proved a valuable means of fostering a better understanding of the navy and its work. Such information, in a country where government is by public opinion, is essential to the formation of correct judgments affecting naval policy, and in this work of information the Navy Day observance has played a considerable part.

Navy Day has developed into a day of serious thought on the subject of reasonable naval defense, and we hope our readers will ponder its meaning and observe the day in appropriate manner. —[VOX POP EDITOR.]

BACK TO ADAM, MADAM!

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—In August 29 Vox Pop I read a letter by one Myrtle Cross stating that (1) man was created in two genders, and (2) that no he-man ever was an angel or ever will be one.

So far as gender is concerned, if Myrtle Cross is willing to be called a "she-man," I am willing to undertake to prove that the first man was created in all four genders, masculine, feminine, neuter, and common, and that he was created unisexual.

Will the lady continue to insist persistently that no he-man has been or ever will be an angel? If the lady will kindly look up the following references, Revelation 1.20; 2.1; 2.8; 2.12; 2.18; 3.1; 3.7; 3.14; and Malachi 3.1, she will see that God called certain he-men angels.

From Genesis 2.18-23 Myrtle Cross will be able (I hope) to see that man was created one, alone, and unisexual.—*Victor Narkevitch.*

MACFADDEN IMPARTIAL? . . . ONE-SIDED?

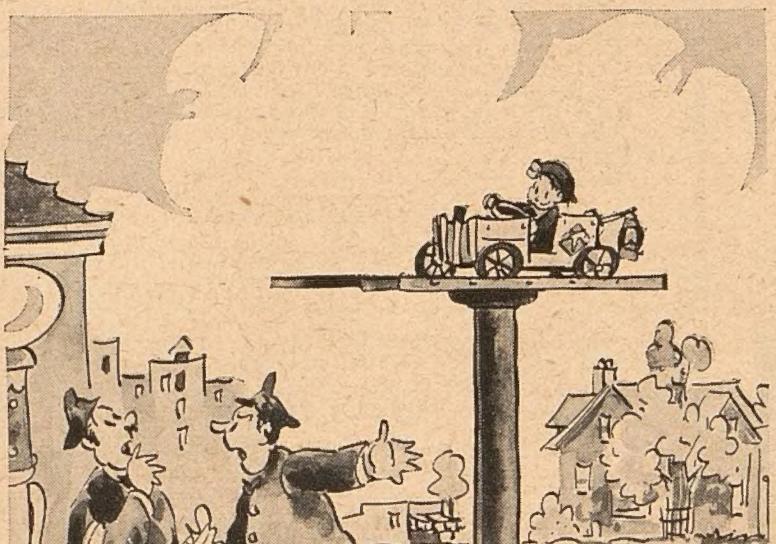
DETROIT, MICH.—For a number of years I have clipped Bernarr Macfadden's editorials from Liberty and other Macfadden publications to paste in my scrapbook.

After reading a recent (September 19) Macfadden editorial in Liberty, I reviewed my old clippings as a reference comparison of Mr. Macfadden's attitude toward the Republican Hoover and the Democratic Roosevelt administrations. The review, in face of the coming elections, convinced me of Mr. Macfadden's impartial purpose in removing the wool which still blurs the vision of a decisive number of voters.—*Omer Weyers.*

WANTAGH, N. Y.—My family has read Liberty since its first publication and we are beginning to get tired of its political trend. Liberty ceased to be a liberty magazine when its publisher started a one-sided program as his own editorial writer. Why not let those who disagree with him run an editorial in Liberty?—*Emma J. Itjen.*

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF.—I have bought Liberty for a good many years. Every week the first thing I read is the editorial by Bernarr Macfadden. I have gotten so I feel that I know the man, and I certainly second the motion of Mr. E. F. Kuhn (August 22 Vox Pop) that Mr. Macfadden be given a cabinet office, provided the Republicans are victorious. —*Lila Mirth McIntyre.*

"HARDTACK"



"How did he get up there?"

UNDERDOGS ARE WELCOME

DAYTON, OHIO—Permit me to compliment Mr. Macfadden upon his opinions, but more so for his liberality in permitting the minority opinions to appear in his publication.—*F. M. Kirkendall.*

LINE UP THE DOLLAR BILLS

MILWAUKEE, WIS. — After reading None So Blind in September 19 Liberty, I'm thinking there's none so blind as the author, Hurd Barrett. If Mr. Barrett will just take several one-dollar bills or any others and compare two of them, he'll find they all line up differently. In fact I've never yet seen two corners on the same bill come together.

Now I ask you, would or would not the writing on the twenty look like Chinese if the two plates didn't line up? Or maybe that was a Chinese story?—*Don Henningfeld.*

FOR THE PROBLEM HOUNDS

HOT SPRINGS, ARK. — Mr. Eugene Janz's problem in August 8 Vox Pop is very easy. Don't tell me you didn't receive a million correct answers.

The so-called neat problem is: There are two boys who mow a football field together in a certain number of days. If each had mowed exactly half, one would have worked one day less and the other would have worked two days longer. How long does it take them to mow the field together?

Answer: Four days. Simple, I calls it!—*Tony Barton.*

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO — Please submit this to all your readers who are under fifty years of age. The others will be able to solve it at a glance.

If 7 cats can kill 7 rats in 7 minutes, how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 50 minutes?—*Mrs. Adeline Leonard.*

[Our problem lovers have been very generous in sending us their pet brain-teasers. We thank them and regret we can't print more.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

VIVIANI WAS FIRST

READING, PA.—For your information, Leon Blum is not "France's first Socialist Prime Minister," as asserted in Twenty Questions (August 8). René Viviani, a pure Socialist, was Prime Minister in 1914, during the war.—*Fred Palmer-Poroner.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

NEWARK, N. J.—Forty million harmonicas have been acquired by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey in payment for shipments of oil to Germany, Walter C. Teagle, president, revealed at the annual stockholders' meeting. This deal was necessitated because of the German government's prohibition on the exportation of currency.

"We are using devious means in getting our money," Mr. Teagle announced. "We have enough mouth organs to give two to every boy in the country. So we are also in the music business."

GULFPORT, FLA.—Andrew E. Potter quit as Mayor of Gulfport to keep his WPA job. As mayor he earned ten dollars a month, but as assistant foreman on a WPA pier project he is paid seventy-five dollars.

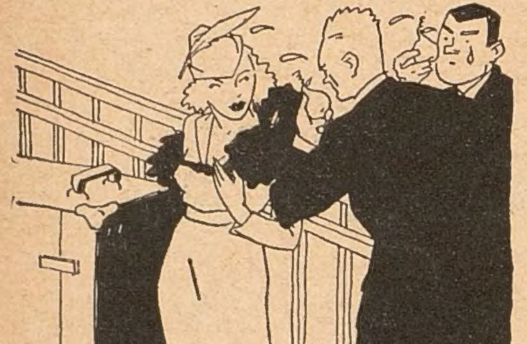
PEORIA, ILL.—Arrested for zigzagging through downtown traffic in his speeding automobile, Lewis Tucker explained: "My girl had the hiccups, and I was trying to scare them out of her."

TACOMA, WASH.—Delegates to the state convention of master plumbers, indignantly denying the old saw about forgetting tools, arranged a contest to show their skill with solder.

Sessions were adjourned temporarily and visitors and reporters called in. Suddenly the contest was called off.

The plumbers had forgotten their solder.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—When Laura Lee Foulds, University of California co-ed, sailed for South America, tears streamed from the eyes of scores of friends who came to the dock. She had presented each with a bunch of onions especially secured for the purpose.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following ad was inserted by a Chinese Doctor:

Insertion of false teeth and eyes, latest Methodists.

—THE READER'S DIGEST.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SCOTT EVANS

HE IS 76 YEARS OLD—BUT HE LOOKS 45!

He claims to know the secret by which men and women can renew the strength and joy of youth.

He is the wizard in whose laboratories strange things are done with hormones.

His success with his methods of rejuvenation has reached the staggering total of 80 per cent of all cases treated.

He is now finding a common ground on which leaders of widely varying schools of scientific thought can meet—surgeons, gland specialists, biochemists, and physical culturists.

He is the man who is distilling essential hormones, combaters of old age and death, from vegetable matter, especially the soybean.

He is

STEINACH

the patron saint of scientific rejuvenation, and

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

you can learn his latest discoveries in the search for the restoration of youth. Read this amazing article, together with

COULD LANDON KEEP US out of WAR?

An intimate close-up of the Republican candidate for President. A keen analysis of his capabilities and background, and a shrewd forecast of his probable actions should his campaign be successful.

Can HOLLYWOOD Hold ERROL FLYNN?

The newest star of the screen has led a thrilling life—has followed the road of adventure since boyhood. Australia, New Guinea with its head-hunters and crocodiles, odd nooks and corners of the South Seas—he's known them all. Now he's a star in California after a sensational success in the picture, Captain Blood. Will the glamour of the Klieg lights hold him? Those who know him best have their doubts.

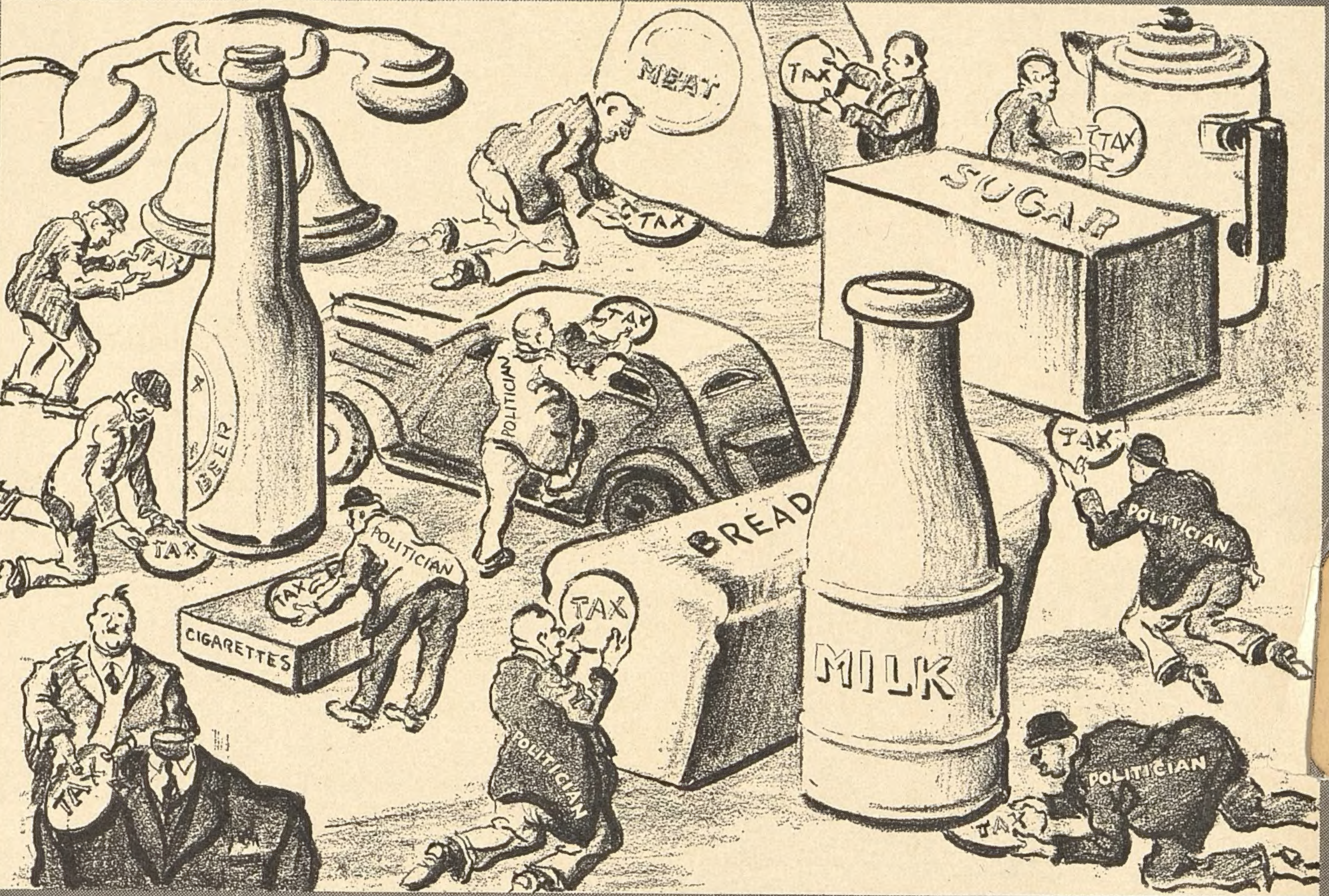
Also stories and articles by Achmed Abdullah, Fred Allhoff, Newlin B. Wildes, Bert Green, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE OCT. 28

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Taxes . . . Taxes

WHO PAYS THE TAXES?



IT'S THE BIGGEST "JOKE" THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN *and it's on you,* **Mr. & Mrs. Wage Earner**

THE POLITICAL SPENDTHRIFTS have hidden your tax bill for years. You aren't supposed to know that. You are supposed to think the *rich* pay most of the taxes. They *do* pay heavy taxes.

But *you* pay, too . . . in HIDDEN taxes. Look at your next pay check. Let's say it's $24. Take out ⅓ for national, state and local government costs. That $8 is your weekly share.

If you make $30, your weekly bill is $10. If you make $100 a week, your share of government expense is $33, because government spending now equals nearly ⅓ of all we *all* make. There are 53 taxes in every loaf of bread. 40% to 60% of your gasoline money goes for taxes.

WHAT TO DO

Your clothes are taxed before you buy them. Everything you use is weighted down with taxes . . . and billions of tax dollars are wasted by careless, irresponsible officeholders. We need lawmakers who insist on ECONOMY.

Big tax cuts could be made just by cutting out wastes. We could have good government, all necessary relief, *more* good roads! Only you can force the WASTERS to quit *throwing your money away.* First, make this resolution:

"I RESOLVE to oppose every present officeholder who cannot prove to me that he has used all his influence to reduce the cost of government."

Now resolve to *keep* it! Remember it when you vote. You have all the power. You can oust the political spendthrift.

ACT TODAY

Don't wait. You can stop extravagance QUICKLY! Write these 3 letters and mail them today:

One to your MAYOR (or the County Clerk, if you live in the country). One to your GOVERNOR. One to the PRESIDENT.

Write only one sentence in each letter and sign your name and address. Say: "I WANT THE COST OF GOVERNMENT REDUCED!"

BUT DO IT TODAY! It's *your* job. You alone can protect yourself. Don't fail. Let the spenders know their game is up. Let's all pull together. Help us to give America back to the people.

Write this letter today!

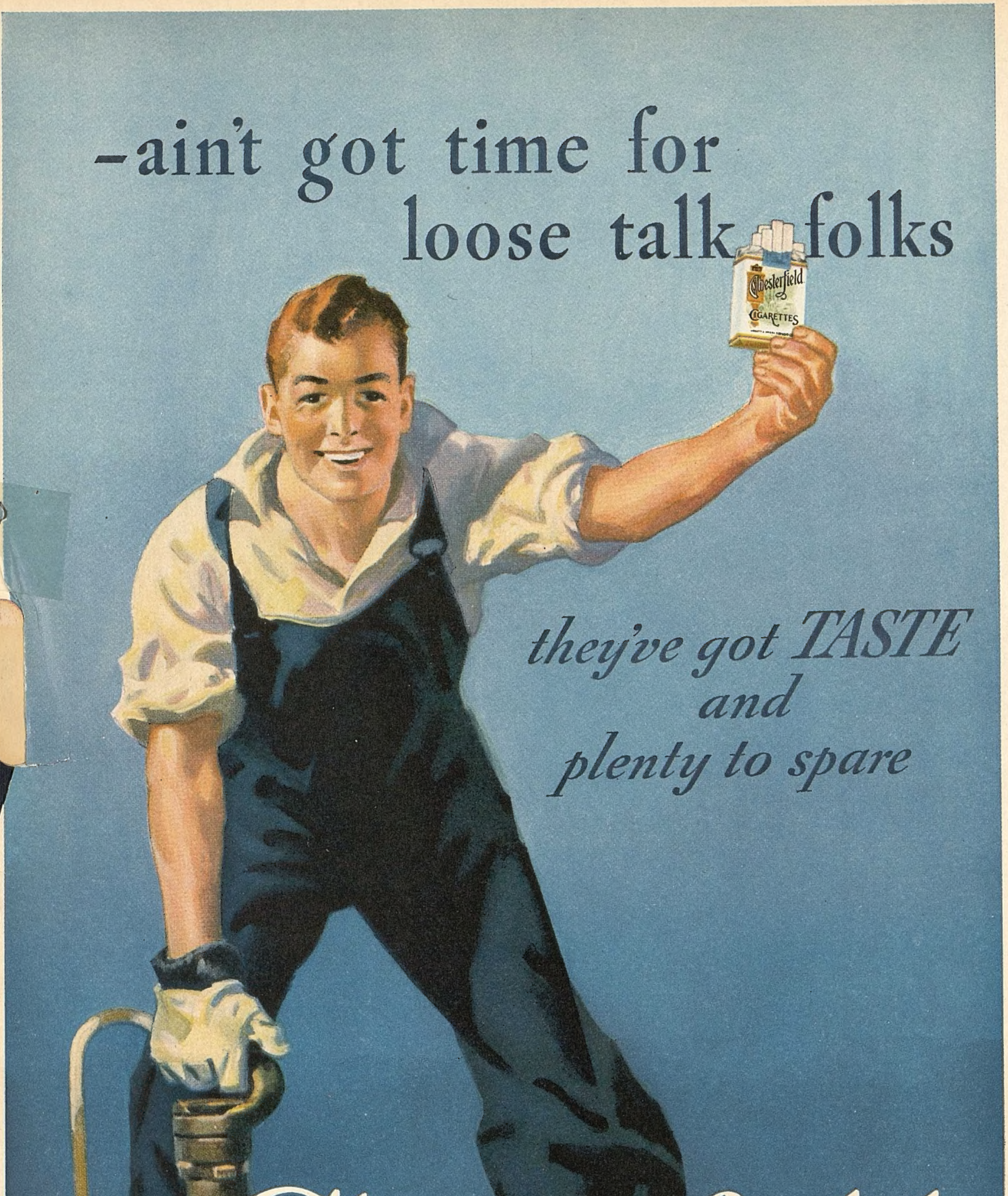
"I want the cost of Government REDUCED!"

MAIL COPIES OF IT TO:
1. Your Mayor (or your County Clerk)
2. Your Governor
3. The President of the United States

REGISTER — VOTE — Give your support to candidates, regardless of party, who WILL cut the waste out of government.

Space for this message is provided by Liberty
because of a firm conviction that a reduced cost of government is vital to the interests of all its readers

Oct. 31


-ain't got time for
loose talk folks
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
they've got TASTE
and
plenty to spare
Chesterfield
GARDNER

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY—*and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product*